

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

JANUARY 22, 1979

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The rush  
to Indian art





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JANUARY 22, 1979

VOL. 92 NO. 4



## The new Valdy puts his shoes on

The hippie is dead, says Valdy, a singer once dubbed the "compost country" music king. Now Valdy has a new sound called "folk disco." **Page 4**

## Shooting a turkey in Israel

It is not scripted, but on the set of *It Happened All Day the Night*, a Canadian Israeli co-production, there is the wailing and gnashing of teeth. **Page 12**



## COVER STORY

### The rush to Indian art

Is what can often be considered a misadventure or the last great outpouring of a dying culture, Indian art has broken through the bastions of the art establishment and is currently attracting the attention of affluent collectors. It all started 27 years ago when what Royal Montreal was visited in a dream by an Ojibway deity who told him to record Indian myths and legends. **Page 21**



## Joe steps out

In Tokyo they all asked "Joe Datta Gatta" — meaning "who is he?" Nonetheless, Clark's journey to the S&B is an exercise in stardom. **Page 14**

## Paradise not yet lost...

Given the chance to find a new species of shark, two marine specialists will set off for the Chagos Islands on their own version of *Jaws*. **Page 20**

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# The new Vaidy puts his shoes on

66 [get tired of doing three-chord country and western songs. I needed a change," says Vaidy, the enigmatic king of what one scorching critic dubbed "corrupt country." After a three-year hiatus from composing, Vaidy has decided "there's no more laying back." With his image renewed but his mind intact, he's back on the road again with a new sound that he calls "Talk disco." Fans who thought of him as the messiah of the woodcut life will now have to begin to keep pace.

"I had begun to feel like a well-meaning," he says of the extended case of writer's block which afflicted him only after he had won two Juno Awards for folk-singing, and recorded an critically acclaimed album in the early '70s. Concert dates from Poland to the Christmas Food Corp paid the bills but his personal life floundered: two "domestic dissolutions." Bereft, Vaidy moved from his small farm on Woody Island in Placentia Bay, Newfoundland, to Salt Spring Island, 30 miles southwest of Vancouver. There, with his newly "baptized southeast" Perry and his two young sons, he rented, chopped wood and did some soda diving and sailing. But this idyllic lifestyle lasted to end. "I listened to all of my previous recordings, and let me tell you, it hurt."

So last summer Vaidy went to San Francisco where he wrote under new names, loaded up with electronics and producer Elliot Mazer (Neil Young and Gordon Lightfoot are among his credits) and recorded an album at the fancy Audio City studios. The result is what Vaidy calls his "dance album," complete with a hip-hop-soulful energy anthem, the *Rocka*. "It's a warzone-sounding music," he says of the song's title song. "It concerns the world, not the lover or the housewife or the fella looking for a job. It goes beyond saving whales and



Photo: [unreadable]

Vaidy catches a new wave. "I listened to my old records and let me tell you, it hurt."

it's saying more than 'be careful.' It's asking 'what's happening?'" Inspired and energized, he couldn't wait to get back to Canada to record the new *Vaidy*. "The hippie is dead," proclaims the man who had become something of a patriarch to the survivors of the burnout, back-to-the-land movement. Accordingly, he bought three suits during his San Francisco sojourn, his first such acquisition in 12 years. "It's just another kind of costume. I still see us stage what I put on in the morning," he says. "Besides, I always wanted a spiffy suit."

Though now a *Blue Grassland* radio-activist, Vaidy still believes in the country life as the good life. "My next project is designing a solar house with a wind-powered, gravity-fed watering system for the organic garden," he says enthusiastically. The difference is that now he no longer feels the need to un-

vert the whole nation to his way of living. As he admits in one of the album's new songs, *I can hear the city better now, hearing loud without it. Don't make my living off the land, never in my life again.*

One of the things about Vaidy that hasn't changed is his Pete Seeger style of playing wherever the people are. His current tour, an audacious circuit that began in November and will zigzag across the country throughout March, includes an 800-and-gymnasium in Oshkosh, Ontario, and the cavernous Place des Arts in Montreal. He won't be fasting his chest with altier yet, but now he sees performing as something that should have an economic as well as spiritual reward. In 1977, his tour with the Hexentones Band grossed \$150,000 after

33 shows before 90,000 fans. "Everyone thinks I got all that money, but after everything settled I only got about \$14,000," he says, shaking his now-shining mane of brown hair. Although \$14,000 isn't bad for 32 days' work, it hardly puts the two-time Juno winner in the same ballpark with the other Mr. Juno, Don McLean. On this tour Vaidy hopes to make "some real money," so he's paying attention to costs and "hard-ening up on the business side." He claims he hasn't made a cent on his previous albums, which have sold over 200,000 copies. Right on that when he wanted to buy land for his house, he had to "scrounge all over the country" to raise capital from his stanger investments in things like health food stores, which he had put an average of \$1,500. At 48 (not to press the agricultural metaphor too much longer) Vaidy would like to begin reaping what he has sown.

Be for it seems to be working. Most of the concerts are sellouts, the album is "played" on all of the country's 10 radio stations and the single, *Don't Rock*, is doing brisk business at 45 stations. His fans, however, are of two minds about the new and improved Vaidy. At the Sydney Academy in New Brunswick, over 1,000 fans filled the auditorium and rows of them were leaving Vaidy for the first time. "He was great, everyone got off on him," enthused one 16-year-old who had never heard of Vaidy before his older sister's date cancelled out leaving a spare ticket. But the same was different at the Arts and Culture Centre in St. John's, Newfoundland. A hard core of older fans, who date back to his two-year residence in the province, turned up to inspect the revamped Vaidy and it was another case of Delany-gone-electric, with roughly half the audience enjoying themselves and the other half disgruntled. The polarized crowd erupted into a boisterous chant after intermission. At first Vaidy subdued the crowd with a few old pieces strummed out on his solo acoustic guitar, but then it was mile-reversal time and he

## Days of heaven, nights when the roof leaks

If there were an award for Best Supporting Structure in a film it would have to go to the yeasty-slopped Victorian mansion in the Penzance movie. Days of Heaven: The Drovers' station 45 foot

Penn with purchase "Three-story house, not handyman, must see to appreciate."



to shoo his friends, I hope, but enough to give me an entire new audience too. It's up to all of us to accept change as opposed to riding a horse that rode well in days gone by."

Remembering the past easily with the present may not be easy, but few of Vaidy's reconciliations have been. When he left his family's conservative downtown Ottawa home 15 years ago after dropping out of university in favor of a cap-boned musician's life, his Danish father requested that the young Vaidemar Harald refrain from using the family name in his show-biz career. Vaidy's 31-year-old father died during the early part of his tour, but any rift between father and son had finally been healed. With his father's blessing, Vaidemar Harald takes all the credit as the *Don't Rock* album's jacket. **Norah Boulton**

tail and in the film 30 lean window seats at their filled with one-foot leaded stained glass, earned out over an American wheat field circa 1915 in reality the three-story house was built on the grounds of southern Alberta near Lethbridge, where parts of the film were shot. Not only was the crew surprised by the steady price rise that blew workmen off the scaffolding during its construction, but when the shooting was completed in the fall of 1993, co-producer Harold Schneider was faced with the problem of what to do with a fake gothicized house (the 1930s wallpaper was gone), but very few walls and the ceiling as the water moved in.

However, from a distance the restoration was impressive. Local farmer Hugh Penn could almost see it from where he lived south of the nearby town of Wrentham. When the film crew packed up from buying the house as a business venture, something neither wanted, gained as it turned out \$25 years and \$10,000 in repairs. The farmers, old sets in covered destination taking up valuable acre, and Penn now leads the coat of making the house usable as a bar above his head. Now, if he can't sell the house, he'll take it down for the lumber. "It would make a good restaurant if someone could come in and it would make a good hospital," he says. "But the only ones to make any money off it as far as the guys who moved the house to my place," says Penn, who paid \$7,000 to have the house moved 12 miles to his farm. Meanwhile as he waits for someone else to fill in with the film, he's been in the forest, away from the plywood floors (painted to look like hardwood planks) and the wild hair brown interior belly window. **Rick Drew**

## Being Mr. Canada is not quite enough

David Schindler, 25, is a man with 183 problems. For one thing, when he wears a store-bought shirt, the pocket comes just below his armpit. When he walks down the street, perfect strangers either stare at him or try to fumble his body. And sunbathing on public beaches is like being a reluctant fast in the Rose Bowl parade for the decidedly unsexy, quick-to-blush Wittenberger, who is right up there with Arnold Schwarzenegger, Franco Columbe and Lou Ferrigno.

But these problems are minor compared to the decision he now faces: whether to give up the steady, unassuming outdoors life he leads as a federal fisheries inspector and muscle in on the well-managed, multimillion-dollar, super-tough world of the professional body-builder.

Schindler became Mr. Canada in October and placed third out of 88 competi-

tors in the Mr. Universe contest in Australia in November. His day began at 5:30 a.m. with a two-hour workout, followed by two cans of tuna fish, supplemented at 11 a.m. by half a dozen eggs. After work, it's back to the gym for another two hours of exercises, flexing and posing. His interest in becoming a body-builder goes back to age 14, when he saw the winner of the Mr. Manitoba contest at Winnipeg's Red River Exhibition.

"He had a chest that was absolutely massive and I told myself I'd like to look like that one day," says Schindler. "I liked the trophy he got too."

Schindler thinks he would have come second in the Mr. Universe contest, which included competitors from 41 countries, if he had been seven pounds

Nichols takes a break from pumping iron after work in a Western gym. (Ex posed)

lighter. "I just wasn't in the same shape then as I was for the Mr. Canada contest," he laments. "Diet is always a problem and the Manitobans gave us lots of fruit for breakfast and a lot of the food was greasy. That means carbohydrates."

In training, he wuffs up to 16 eggs a day, along with three pounds of meat and handfuls of vitamin supplements.

The reward for all this disciplined eating and training is a 32-inch waist, 36-inch chest, 30-inch biceps and 20-inch thighs—and a somewhat startling image, in the eyes of the uninitiated public, as a self-sculpting narcissist.

"You have to eat, sleep and breathe body-building if you're going to make it," he says. "The mental discipline, as well as the physical side, is very demanding."

"It's true that some body-builders are egomaniacs and like to strut in front of mirrors admiring themselves, but we're not all like that. I do it because I like to set a goal and achieve it. I like to win trophies."

One of his complaints, shared by most Canadian muscle-sculptors, is that the activity is given little promotion and no government aid. The federal government stopped funding the Canadian Amateur Body-building Association several years ago when the Mr. Universe finals were held in South Africa.

"This is a sport and it takes dedication, and stamina," says Reed. "It makes the guys ball when the Miss Manitoba winner gets splashed across the front pages, while Mr. Manitoba gets showed on the back page somewhere." There are only two body-builder trainers in Canada according to Schindler, and both live in Montreal. One of them, Jimmy Caruso, wants Reed to consider becoming a professional under his tutelage. The goal would be a first place in the Mr. Olympia contest. "One winner of Mr. Olympia found he earned over \$1 million for ads, guest appearances and hosting nutrition clinics," says Schindler. "That sure is hell to more than any civil servant is going to make."

The decision to go into training for professional contests will have to be made by May, and it also depends on whether Reed and his wife Carol (who thinks body-building is fine, except for the late supper and strange diets) want to move east. In the meantime, first things first: Schindler has found someone to tailor-make his shirts so that the pockets lie as normally as possible over the carefully wrought abdominal muscles of his chest.

Peter Carlyle-Gordon

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## The Superman of the paperback bids

Mario Puzo was once a struggling writer, albeit one who never stopped taking risks and never stopped buying cigars. The low point came during one temporary job delivering telephone directories. "There I was in a truck with a bunch of flowery books," the author recalls, "and that's when I decided to become more controversial."

No one could accuse him of falling short of the mark: there are now more than 12 million paperback copies of *The Godfather* in print. Puzo will earn \$100,000 plus five per cent of the gross of *Superman II* and *Superman III* for his work on the film scripts, and last June, New American Library paid the novelist \$2.55 million for the reprint rights to *The Godfather*, and the North American paperback rights to his latest novel, *Foot of the Devil*. Although his story about the world of Hollywood films and Las Vegas gambling was reviewed, in one man, as "Poo's boy," the novel has broken on *The New York Times* best-seller list for 16 weeks now. The only other author to command the same kind of money is Linda Goodman, whose astrological doorstop, *Love Signs*, fetched \$2.25 million on the paperback paperback black list page 50. But where Goodman prefers to hide away in Cripple Creek, Colorado, Puzo continues to live a life as rich and brazen as his novels.

Puzo, born and raised in Hell's Kitchen, New York, is the son of Italian-American immigrants who coaxed him the family barn until his third novel, *The Godfather*, brought him wealth and fame in early middle age. Except for a protean appetite for his passions (eating, gambling and playing tennis), Puzo, at 38, is a casual, laid man, whose fiction, despite the research that went into *The Godfather*,

never strays too far from autobiography. After a childhood of poverty, World War II offered escape from the settlement houses to Europe, and a new world, his post-war years in Germany,



Puzo, his hungry-writer days, we'll put: from Hell's Kitchen to heart of the table

where he met his wife, became the subject of his first novel, *The Dark Arena*, published in 1955 to admiring reviews and indifferent sales. *The Fortune Teller*, a novel published 10 years later, was about first- and second-generation immigrant families surviving life in Hell's Kitchen.

Back in America, Puzo took civil service jobs to stay afloat, and worked as a

writer for a short-story mill turning out adventure tales for men's magazines (*Look*). It was Joseph Heller, Puzo's longtime friend, who introduced him to the pulp world. Then in 1965, a young free-lancer doing some editing for G. P. Putnam's son, editor William Targ, about his friend Mario Puzo, who had written two good books. Targ read his novels, and worked him around to hear this Mafia yarn. Puzo had been trying, unsuccessfully, to sell. Targ offered him a modest \$5,000 advance, and Putnam home to write. The Godfather turned up on Targ's desk in sporadic installments, over the next three years. The first 120 pages ended with the chilling segment of the horse's head. "I read it and was just floored," Targ says. Putnam spotted a winner and began peddling paperback rights.

The novel made Puzo a millionaire and the de facto godfather of his own clan, doing out money to rivals, cousins and friends, and setting up lavish trust funds for each of his five children. The pump-and-street games of his youth escalated to evenings of gambling with thousands of dollars at stake. Friends now claim that his heavy gambling days are over, although the stories linger as a possible game with billions at the Waldorf Towers broke up when one player had to fly to Europe on business, but Puzo rode along to the airport, bought a ticket, and the two carried on their game over the Atlantic.

Those who know him call Puzo a control-freak, kind and exceptionally loyal man, generous to family and friends but ordering as if he feels someone has tried to take advantage of him. (Poo's reminder.) Many a novelist envisions a dream of retreating from life in order to write about it but for Puzo, the more he writes, the more he immerses himself in another introverted realm—the coarse, Vegas world of *Foot of the Devil*, or the not-as-far-removed stakes of the best-seller business.

Mario Jackson Chide Walter

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## Get it right and get it first

It is a shivery Saturday afternoon in Toronto, and while thousands of other Canadian parents sit in hockey arenas, watching their kids push a puck up and down the ice, Toly and May Too sit, in an arena of a different sort. Inside Studio 2 of the Global Television Network, the Toos are craning to catch a glimpse of their daughter, Yun Lee, a first-time contestant on Global's *New Quiz Kids* show.



The AFFLASH sign is flashing. Yun Lee, a small, serious, 53-year-old has already beat out close to 1,000 other contestants for a chance to appear on the show. In a normalised game, she scored a record 730 points, more than three times the average score.

The Toos are aware of all this. Their daughter, Yun Lee, saw the show on TV, phoned the organizers and made all the arrangements herself. Her parents, it appears, are there on the condition that they behave themselves and not get in the way.

"She's all intellect, Yun Lee," says May Too, tapping her forehead. Yun Lee's father smiles proudly. But being extraordinarily bright is only the first step toward success as a TV *Quiz Kid*. What the Toos are about to witness, under the flashing lights, excited applause and show-biz hype in their inter-

ditly bright daughter going down in flames. And unlike the kids at the hockey arena, she won't be able to come back next week.

The 25-week series is a 1970s version of the original *Quiz Kids* show, which started as a radio program in the U.S. in the '60s and moved to television in the '70s. (CBC TV ran a 1980s version of the high-school quiz show—the enormously successful *Jeopardy!* for the Top Three are people who would still agree with Heather Robertson's review of the show in *Maclean's*, Feb. 1978: "As a game, *Jeopardy!* for the Top is fun, as a symbol of intellectual confidence, it's a dangerous fraud.") In addition to the Global stations in Ontario, the show's producers also sold *The New Quiz Kids* Show to two western stations, CMTS in Vancouver and CTV in Edmonton.

The host is Terry David Mulligan, a

berbeck, also 18, and to date a veteran of 19 shows. No one is able to identify a photo of Gordon How's sons and one girl mistakes Gella Melt for Grandma Melt. But asked to recall the mathematical symbol  $\pi$  (e) is five digits, Michael Mullerbeck yelps off 60°.

However, knowing the answers isn't enough, as Yun Lee is about to find out. In the final round, scores fluctuate wildly as the children get to bet points on whether they'll be right. Yun Lee is first on the draw almost every time, but while Michael bets 100, she cautiously wagers 10.

"I used to gamble only 10s," Michael says later. He survived the error, but Yun Lee doesn't. The show's staff is sorry to see her go. "She's by far the smartest kid we've ever had audition," says Benko. She deserves that far every dozen children recommended to her, and are hope.

"I told them I wasn't interested in coaching any kid to answer at the sound of a bell," says Allison Roach, principal of Brampton's Hall Girls School in Toronto.

Anna Mullerbeck, Michael's mother, disagrees. "These kids don't have enough chances to experience the exhilaration of competition. We let our kids play hockey. Why is this different?"

But the first show taped has yet to be aired, due to what the producers call "technical problems." One of these problems was a cameraman's decision to zoom in on a defeated contestant who broke down and cried under the strain of the show. Yun Lee is made of sterner stuff. As the game wraps up, three daughters in fourth place, the two sons and Cheryl Yun Lee Elm put aside, with the other children, all to have lunch.

Meanwhile, Benko and the staff are gearing up for another season. Columbia is negotiating with networks in Australia and Britain to get a *Canadian Quiz Kid* team against teams in those countries. By now, a project they hope to carry out in several other countries.

Back home, Yun Lee Too explains what happened. "I lost," she says simply. "When I left, I was just determined to get back on the show." If so, if they call her. She knows now that being a successful quiz kid also means coping with buzzers and lights and TV cameras and microphoneing your way around a noisy host. And while the show's organizers mourn the absence of female talent, a little girl in Agincourt, Ontario, sits waiting to be called back on the ice.

Cheryl Hawkins

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# Batters up

There is no need for the kind of highly subjective journalism represented in the column, *The Study of the Mind*... (Dec. 13), attacking psychiatry. Certainly it is possible to find patients in even the most prestigious treatment centres of the world whose problems—whether mental or psychiatric—have been tragically misdiagnosed. Incompetence, poor judgment or biased human error unfortunately are the facts of life. However, it would be ludicrous to ridicule and condemn all specialists in medicine because of isolated diagnostic treatment failures. Barbara Amiel attempts to undermine the validity of her cause by making the statement: "Most psychiatrists I know will admit that when it comes to diagnosis and treatment they have a batting average no better than .200, or thereabouts, pure chance." It is hard to imagine where she has found these people in psychiatry. Surely they are not represented in the leading journals of psychiatry that report scientific studies of treatment results showing a success rate of closer to 80 per cent.

CARLA KLINE, M.D., C.C.P.F.  
VANCOUVER

The article on psychiatry took the personal tragedy of one person and used it to stigmatize individuals who seek psychiatric help as well as compromise the ability of mental health professionals to supply badly needed services. Attacks on the mental health profession strengthen positions which would probably increase rather than decrease existing problems (for example, those who say "he said it so he treated" or

those who say "look them all up"). The article also ruined problems without offering solutions. Finally, it most make extremely frightened reading for those people who do have problems they might seek help for, discouraging them from doing so until the problem worsens.

JAMES P. SCHNEIDER, SASKATOON

# Leading the Golda life

An excellent article by Michael Cusumano on *The Golda Years* (Dec. 18). If anything else, Golda Meir's life is an inspiration to all. She continued to strive for the cause no matter what the odds.

ISA OREFF, OAKVILLE, ONT.

# Killing with cuteness

I will refrain from writing the five- to 10-page letter of criticism I have so often framed in my mind after being inspired by the cynicism of some of your writers, the cruelty of some of the news items and the leaden atmosphere at certain hours in stories or their titles. Because I treasure the magazine as a result of the generosity of my family and because I do, in essence, learn something about current Canadian affairs, I won't refuse it entry to my mailbox.

VICKI KROHNE, CAMBRIDGE, MARYLAND

# The sorcerers' apprentices

I was appalled by the article, *Against: Rite of Passage of Sorcery and Sorcery* (Dec. 4). The sorcerer that the People's Temple bombed their way into Guyana as a godhead. They were accepted because they fitted in with the country's co-operative and agricultural thrust and because they were willing to invest rap-

idly in opening up a largely uninhabited region of the country. Significantly, they came with high recommendations from eminent members of the American establishment. The sheer allegation is the one about long mixed "sacred" "The British had 19th-century laws against obscenity—the New World adaptation of traditional West African psychiatric practice. Not being able to understand it, they outlawed it. It was at the strong request of historians, anthropologists, sociologists and professors of literature at the University of Guyana—not all of them Guyanese—that the six British laws against obscenity were removed from the statute book. The reason? So that this originally African approach to psychiatry could, legally, be analysed in order to understand its practices and prescriptions."

JOHN J. HARRIS, M.D., C.C.P.F.,  
CHIEF OF THE RURAL COMMUNITY  
CLINIC, OTTAWA

# The new vigilantes

I have been meaning to write for some time to say how much I am enjoying *Weekend* in its new form. I am also enjoying Peter Newman's editorials which I consider timely and informed. I think the reason I appreciate the effort and energy he puts into the magazine is because of the vigilante that is required today to remain conversant with a rapidly changing Canada. I feel that in my person the same daily vigilance is required because of the rapid change that is taking place in the world of legislation and regulation and the requirements to the public on legal services of all kinds.

T. J. WATKINS, Q.C., PRESIDENT,  
CANADIAN BAR ASSOCIATION, CALGARY

# Welcome back, Mrs. Cotter

I am grateful that Alisa Fothering has's column, *Where Would We Be Without the Editor of Lake Park, Five More and Oscar Zerk?* (Dec. 13), brought to the attention of your readers the august Society for the Verification and Rectification of Fluctuating Names of Actual Persons. There must be many of us who have yearned to communicate our own discoveries. From my own collection I offer a few choice tidbits from one church register, the baptism of Robert Oster and the second marriage of the widow Mrs. Experience Cotter. In a Localist regiment of the American Revolutionary War armed, a freed slave, London Derry fought alongside Captain Chaves and Jeremiah Soap. The grave inscription, however, must surely be the London [Oster] will court one of the 1950s apocryph in the records as Preserved Fish as Labeled. Wise.

GEOFF HILLMAN, LONDON, ONT.

# Speech beyond words

According to *The Silent Generation* (Dec. 18) the Lager years are a failure and as Governor-General, Jules Léger is seen to be forgotten. I have long since forgotten the words of official speeches but I will never forget the courage and hard work of Léger as he struggled to carry on after his stroke. I am sure that his philosophy of persistence communicated as much, if not more, than words.

JENNIFER COOKE, MISSISSAUGA, ONT.



Léger, the 'goliath de présence' worked

# Green light

I was appalled by your article, *Seeing the Seeds of Change* (Dec. 18). Apparently the author has never heard of the Green Revolution which saved, and continues to save annually, millions of people from starvation in underdeveloped countries through the use of more pro-

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THE RECORD LINDSAY, ONT

#### Stalking the stocking

I was pleased to read *Annual Harvest* (Dec. 20), on Robert Noll's and his Canadian Children's Annual. Unlike the funny imports currently stocked in the bookstores, his publication is filled with all of the little goodness you would expect



Nollson, filled with all the little goodness

to find in a children's annual. It's like a Christmas stocking with covers

DEAN WATKINS OTTAWA

#### The profits of pain

I was interested in the television review, *A Medical Show Revolution: New Life*—(Nov. 28), on the real-life program *Cognitive Personality*. I can't understand why coverage of pain and suffering is so popular or how people involved can allow themselves to be filmed. Having read of the financial hardship suffered by residents not covered by medicine, I fear these people are submitting for money. I hope this is not the case. I can envision the spin-offs if this show is successful: filming a person's response as his or her spouse breaks the news of an affair (to pay for the divorce) and filming the dying (to pay for the funeral).

JAN RABIN CHERRYVALE, ONT

#### The real output

I share the concern about the CBC expressed in Peter C. Newman's column. The *Clark* screening of *Canadian Tele-*

vision" (Dec. 20), but feel he has not identified the real culprit in the sorry state of Canadian television—namely the lack of imagination in light entertainment programming! But it does seem to be given a fair chance to develop. It will never prosper while it is Canadian policy to fragment the viewing audience by relegating American networks by cable and *telemag*. Canadian stations whose main raison d'être is to broadcast further imported shows.

DERMOT LONDON GAREVILLE, ONT

#### A little bit of silk

After reading Lawrence O'Toole's review of the film, *Cover a Horseman*, in *R. Ain't* What *R. Used To Be* (Nov. 20), I regularly conclude that he did not see the movie. He had coffee with someone whose mother had seen it. It is regrettable that the western rancher enjoys such bad press in the offices of the top. If only the film were set in Toronto or New York and involved two people who combine their common interests—shall we say, an art exhibit, or an antique restaurant. O'Toole professes his own little bit of silk, readable optimism, courting his non-review in a kind of pugilist-stump-western dialect which emphasizes rather than conceals the tentative nature of his critical grasp. His complaint about the darkness of the film is ironic. I think, to refer to some high-contrast scenes in which the camera looks at the shaggy-haired light-shadow produced in barns and sheds in June in the high country. In black and white, O'Toole might have thought it artistic. *Cover a Horseman* features some of the best real, working, non-mainstream active work anywhere. The skills are so spectacularly demonstrated I'm sure that, as a student, a rare crash is no more demoralizing. I think O'Toole really wanted to review a classic career. He wanted Gary Cooper or James Stewart or Clint Eastwood. He wanted the D.K. Carral, and he got a low technological gangster film and a low-key love story.

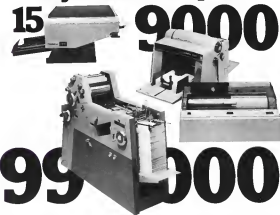
R. JARROLD SUSTRE ALTA

#### Flying low

I hope the television column *Debris* (Nov. 6) by William Cashman will be the last of his poetic flights of fancy. The bitterness and sarcasm of his descriptions of Joan Watson and David Maine weakens his criticism. Clever prose alone is not enough. Give us a columnist who has something to say.

SUSAN BELKER PRINCETON, N.B.

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Canadian News

## Clark steps out—Chapter 1

By Robert Lewis

In Tokyo, Conservative leader Clark was still "Joe, Dear Decade"—as it, who is he?—when Japan's government and business leadership took their measure of the 39-year-old Altonian last week in New Delhi, where it must have been Thursday of Clark's time-warping blits around the globe, the stop-up was a more substantial chart when Clark took himself off to a tailor to buy shirts and a new pair of slacks, his change of clothes was back in Bangkok, where luggage had to be ditched in a scramble caused by an empty-headed connecting flight. At 302, the slacks looked like a deal—and Clark thought he knew why a stitched-in tag which read: *SHIRAZI/DAKOTA*. When Clark sought the meaning of it all, the proud tailor replied cryptically: "That, sir, is my label."

Avoiding a similar tag on the 16-day effort this week's drop-in centres, *Asahi* and *Yomiuri* to newshounds as international out to the Clark look at home, has kept three aides hovering through time zones on seven different commercial carriers, including white-

linelike Egyptian. Following the track-down in New Delhi at 2 a.m., executive assistant Ron Green made a price offering after spending two hours reaching up \$100 worth of salaries for the attempt, irritated band of month survivors of the 14-hour flight. Turning people off, especially in the international arena, where Trudeau has left, is precisely what Clark dreads—the more so since that week's Gallup poll showed the Liberals up (see box). Clark repeatedly downplays his voyages as a learning experience in countries unknown—to him. He professes at each stop to be "looking at" more issues and answers than there are cases over the Taj Mahal, which Clark's dentist-like schedule did not include, although the moon was full over Agra.

In Tokyo, Clark revealed that he has a lot to learn about the world, as whose affairs even a Canadian prime minister spends up to 30 per cent of his time. He actually arrived in Tokyo expressing surprise that there were not more pagoda in the bustling, modern city of nine million people. Repeatedly, he expressed dismay about delays in translation which, he complained, reduced his

interviews to an "arthritic ballet." He fratched when a Tokyo-based reporter asked for comment on the struggle for Cambodia, explaining his "no comment" as a desire to avoid a statement that might be "seriously misinterpreted." Above all, in his hosts who had welcomed Pierre Trudeau in 1976, Clark came off as less secure and visibly less comprehending of the mysteries of the East. Not that the friendly Japanese, eager for secure supplies of Canadian coal, wheat and lumber, stopped. At the foreign office the view is that Clark could indeed become prime minister of Japan's seventh-largest trade partner (as of September, Canadian exports to Japan were \$2.2 billion, imports were \$2.4 billion). The *Asahi* Herald's Kikunaru of the American affairs bureau notes that Robert Mulroney of New Zealand visited Japan in 1974, just months before he ended up as prime minister. "But I'm not making any prediction," he added with a twinkle in his eye.

Clark took care of the predictions himself, as he tossed off breezy quips about his plans to be back in Tokyo next summer as the Canadian leader at the economic summit. On a staged-for-tel-

## The Tories' turn to sing the blues

The Liberals gloated the Conservatives looked to silver linings and supporters at John Turner grasped. The recent publication last week of the monthly Gallup poll of party preferences which showed the Liberals in a remarkable turnaround, closing the gap between themselves and the Conservatives from 10 percentage points to two. The poll not only portended a down-to-the-wire race for power when the election is finally called; it also slammed the door shut on speculation that Pierre Trudeau would abandon the Liberal leadership to Turner.

The sharp shift in the popularity of the two leading parties, which Gallup and occurred in every region of the country, caught many observers by surprise. But the party professionals said that they knew it all along: that the 16-point Conservative lead in the previous poll was an aberration caused by the euphoria over the Tory sweep in last fall's by-elections, and that traditional voting behavior had returned. The Liberals also have in the latest poll an indication that voters had, for the first time, rejected Conservative leader Joe Clark as a potential prime minister and found him wanting.

The Conservatives, as commentators also found their pollsters under an increasingly intense media spotlight. And Clark, annoyed by the criticism last week, was on shaky ground in answers to questions on his

budget proposals the week he would increase the deficit but that his deficit would be "ambitious" whereas the government's (not) and his attitude toward negotiating sovereignty-association with Quebec's Federalists in negotiation "he said."

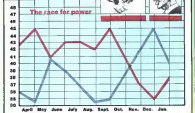
On the latter question, the Conservatives were not friendly to the new Toronto star David Clarke. But on a crux a Question Period then in an interview with *Le Devoir* the influential Montreal daily Clarke played down the threat to Confederation from Quebec. Premier René Lévesque and his supporters, Quebec Liberal leader Claude Ryan, a Liberalist. Whether this is part of a grand Tory strategy to attract separatist votes in Quebec or just a smokescreen of Toronto chic is unclear.

The Conservatives are desperate for more votes in Quebec, where Clark himself is producing an upswing that has yet to make sense (the last Gallup poll showed them still

losing the Liberals in Quebec by a ratio of three to one). The Liberals meanwhile are trying to win back English-speaking Canada, where they lost the Conservatives by a ratio of five to three, with a two-pronged strategy attack the Tory stand on Quebec and avoid making mistakes. They have been relatively successful with the latter and if they begin making progress on the former, the election could come sooner than expected. Prime Minister Trudeau, it is known, has told Liberal MPs he wants the parliamentary agenda cleared of all urgent legislation by the end of February. That could mean an election call in March for the country's first-ever May vote.



Joe Clark and Jean Charest



As the November poll released last month, the Conservatives had not yet released their December poll, released last week, which put John

vision still through Ribera Park. Clark even compared up a series of the prime minister's remarks in Ottawa. He said, "I'm not a landowner, but I'm not a landowner." "My driver wants me to win the next election," he said, "because he's very taken with St. Louis." In Japan, as a ranking industrialist noted, "the politician would say, 'I'm not a landowner, but I'm not a landowner.' We don't talk about ourselves. But I wasn't offensive. It's expected, even appreciated, from you North Americans." Generally, the Japanese seemed happy that Clark had simply come around to court.

During his private talks, including 45 minutes with the long new prime minister, Masayoshi Ohira, Clark came away with the stunning conclusion that transferring the lessons of Japan's post-war economic miracle to Canada will be akin to growing cabbage in January, which they did in Tokyo. The bourgeoisie, industrialists, million of 113 million (lives on a career-long company pension and a lifetime of individualism to the "national interest." While

Japan has "a game plan," Clark observed, Canadians are "too individually excited."

There are signs, however, that the merger projects of finished goods ex-

Clark meets Ohira (opposite), Japan's Foreign Minister Sonoda, Clark and his wife (below) some burning conclusions



ported to Japan, by Canada could increase if Canadian businessmen are willing to be patient and establish personal contacts to rebuild there. "The Japanese," says Tsutomu Shimomura of the influential Federation of Economic Organizations, "will go for anything as long as it's good and the price is right." With his mind on 1000 imported cars, \$500 sports jackets and \$5 Big Bigs, he adds, "We're even laying when the price is wrong." Cracking a protectionist market like Japan, whose U.S.-conscious people are frustrated with brand names, will be a daunting challenge. As one example of Canadian opportunism, Shimomura cites yachts, ski and winter clothing. What about the proliferation for brand names? "Well, create them. Put Canada on the map, or something."

For his part, Clark was more interested in one thing: Japan's bid to produce plants in Canada in return for guarantees on energy supplies. On the prospect of Canada's first nuclear reactor sale to Japan, Clark struck out

as most foreigners do, trying to anticipate the result of the elaborate consensus-making exercise now under way in Japan, which has a different anti-racism system than the Canada. What Canada will be best to argue, it seems, is geography. "Lower Letter from Canada," in fact, was one of the bits of the two pop charts last year, despite the lyrics:

*Years run on my clock  
remembering your voice  
looking at the Canadian coast*

Thanks to the Canadian embassy's antiracism promotion, the Japanese say that Canada these days is "image up"—a view based mostly on the Rocky Mountains in Clark's constituency and the widespread sparsely settled area of 90,000 Japanese visitors a year. The Japanese, in fact, have an idyllic view of life in Canada that would surprise consensus consumers and gripees. Tetsuo Kondo, an official of the long-running Liberal Democratic Party (LDP) sets Canada as "a neighbor of the United States with more people. It is not easy to try and it has no problems." The mere fact that Canada elected a prime minister who is "something of a playboy," says Kondo, indicates there are good times in the land of the rising bear.

Compared to India, Canada and Japan, Clark's record step has momentum. There are 640 million people in India and more live in abject poverty than Canada's population multiplied by 10. While Clark spent most of his time hobnobbing around Chatskapi (renowned real and government offices of the Republic, he did catch a glimpse of the "other" India. The venue was the village of Sidhmal, 60 kilometers southwest of New Delhi along a highway teeming with trucks, buses, autos, rickshaws, and camel-driven vagrants. For Clark, the



Clark and Mulroney at an international summit

warm welcome by 3,000 inhabitants, and stops at two local banks, a dairy co-op and "schoolrooms" under the sun, afforded an ideal photo opportunity. At times, in fact, Clark appeared more conscious of the camera than the harsh realities of village life.

One step Clark did not make was to sit the sprawling white house from which former prime minister Indira Gandhi is fighting back against the Delhi government. Clark clumped his schedule was too tight, but that was not Indira Gandhi's view. "It's not a major concern," she told Marlene's "But usually we government doesn't like people meeting us and they say that it will be very embarrassing."

Clark and Small Business Minister Tony Abbott, in fact, last week were the first senior Canadian politicians to walk the streets of New Delhi since 1971's earlier explosion during Canadian's expertise in 1971 and Canada's subse-

quent suspension of nuclear co-operation. Both sides have agreed to disagree on a fundamental split. Canada refuses to renew nuclear dealing unless India accepts extensive safeguards and inspection; the Indians insist that nations with the bomb already are applying a double standard to nations of the have-not world and Prime Minister Manmohan Singh pledges no new explosions. During his overnight meeting with the exiled Indira, Clark—Indira's at the Commonwealth Conference in London in 1977—learned first hand that India wants to reverse the historic close relationship with Canada that ended after 1974. As the largest industrial country of the world, India annually offers growing trade opportunities (now averaging \$150 million in Canadian exports annually and \$70 million in imports). But the Indians are fierce nationalists with mind-boggling ways, like the Japanese, of keeping foreign businessmen and products away. Clark chose to economize the positive, suggesting bilateral ties to increase commercial dealings. He was scooped, however, by Abbott, who arrived with a similar group of Canadian businessmen just before the Tory leader departed while the scheduled party arrived a day later than scheduled, at least they did get to India with their baggage.

Victoria

## If it was good enough for Bible Bill . . .

In a series of almost flawless political maneuvers in the past several weeks, British Columbia Premier Bill Bennett is showing some of the astute political savvy of his old dad, former premier W.A.C. Bennett, in plotting the drive toward an early spring election. From a lightning move in early December to put a huge swath of provincial seat remains under more restrictive wage-bargaining legislation, to his tough B.C. in and for his "handing of the assets of the government-owned B.C. Resources Investment to take over B.C. forest giant MacMillan-Bloedel, Bennett has been playing to the balconies. The latest initiative was the announcement by a beaming Bennett last week of a huge reduction in the price of the assets of the government-owned B.C. Resources Investment Corporation (BRCIC) in the form of five free shares (estimated value, \$10 to \$120 to every man, woman and adolescent child in the province, with previous permission each to buy up to



Bennett giving away a piece of the rock.

\$600 more at a cut rate. Public trading in the 15 million shares will not begin until the fall, but analysts are already calling the issue a good speculative risk. Set up last year to give B.C. a Social Credit election promise to return resources and companies nationalized by the previous B.C. government to the private sector, BRCIC holdings include pulp and saw mills and exploration rights to 2,750 square miles.

Stated reason for the revolutionary giveaway is to have the little guy "own a piece of the rock." However, critics are already muttering darkly about slick electioneering and the B.C. terms of "bringing the people with themselves away"—but says it would not damage the project. Others fret that, like the A-plus-8 theories of Alberta Social Credit premier William "Bible Bill" Abernethy (who issued a \$25 "prosperity certificate" to all Albertans in the late '30s), it may not work in a free economy.

Most financial observers, however, are viewing it as a unique if slightly off-balance experiment. "If governments are truly interested in putting out of economic," says Michael Walker of the Vancouver-based Fraser Institute, "then this is probably the best way to go about it." Other brokers agree that if it does catch on in other jurisdictions it may unleash the legendary and much maligned Canadian savings reserve.

The economic nature of the scheme was reflected in the words of one local Social Credit wag, referring to the adoption of Canadian pre-19th-century Social Credit theories by Bishops in the Dirty Thirties: "Addis Ababa is watching with interest."

Thomas Hopkins

## Paving the waves of discontent

It took me a while to get it had expected: however, one potential, multi-million-dollar Marlene dream—the threat of the Prime Minister's Island causeway can be seen again reaching out across Northumberland Strait. The dream, at least, is in the heart of P.E.I. industry Minister Dr. John McIsaac. And this, a converted Ottawa will be soon over when it realizes that the ever-increasing costs of operating the present ferry service will soon make building the nine-mile overseas highway route between Cape Tormentine, New Brunswick and Garden P.E.I.—labeled about for 80 years—look like a bargain.

McIsaac's recent admission that the government has quietly been keeping tabs on the relative costs of the two approach systems greatly surprised listeners. Most have become hardened critics of the federal government since the great Bury of activity and excitement that began in 1959 under Premier Walter Shaw, peaked in 1965 when Lester Pearson sent a Liberal cabinet member to turn the first sod (and the New Brunswick side—afterwards John who only wanted of the causeway through a mine pitfall) and that collapsed with a poof in 1969. Islanders who saw a great boost coming for the tourist industry as well as to the ferry industry in the ferry service, felt badly let down. "The thing was

very, very for 1969, and most of it believed by this time it was really going to happen," says Michael Daley, a longtime journalist who was director of research for the province under Shaw. Spurring the ferry was Prime Minister John Diefenbaker's promise of federal aid. Daley says most people believe the causeway was later believed off for the 10-year development plan (federal contribution, \$225 million) agreed to by Liberal Premier Alex Campbell and Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau.

McIsaac may have problems convincing suspicious Islanders that the causeway is worthy of reconsideration but he's positive he will have no trouble with the federal government which foots the bills for the ferry service. In a 1975 estimate, the ferry system would have cost \$265 million to operate for 30 years, while the price of a land crossing would have been \$265 million. McIsaac will commission an update of those figures this year, but he is certain they will be about equal now because of the advanced technology available for building a causeway. "I don't think there is any question that we're going to get pressure from the federal government to have a causeway built just so they can stop their escalating expenses," McIsaac argues.

If the causeway plans are returned from the shelves, there is at least one area where the federal government can economize: the access route to P.E.I. Let out and grade down the 1960s causeway boom roads only to be paved to be usable.

David Sorenson

## A collision course that could derail the government

More than a million workers will negotiate new contracts with their employers this year, the last full year of "post-contract" bargaining. And no group will be more closely watched than the 90,000 railway workers, whose contract talks with their employers began in earnest last week in Montreal. Not only are the railway workers the largest group involved in collective bargaining this year, they are also probably the most vital to the economy. But it is not a potential for disruption that worries the federal government so much as the possibility of a double-digit settlement that could become a benchmark for other unions and set another inflationary wage-price spiral in motion.

The timely workers—who had to settle for a 3.5 per cent wage increase last year—will now negotiate for a 5 per cent wage increase, rounded up to 6 per cent—also being for restoration of the "14th formula." Last done by former Supreme Court justice Emmett Hall in an arbitrator award after the 1973 rail strike, that scheme would mean wages to rise 14 per cent, account inflation, probably 5 per cent and comparable pay in the private goods industries. Depending on the assumed rate of inflation, the formula could mean wage increases of 12 per cent or more for railway workers. For their part, the railway workers have to respond to the union demands. But when they do, they are likely to be well short of 10 per cent. That would almost certainly bring the government as a co-conductor and they will negotiate with the union or agree—disappointingly close to the correct number.

Sam Erskine





Winnipeg

## The Schreyers move on — eastwards and upwards

Parting is such sweet sorrow, as Shakespeare said and the Schreyers of Manitoba were confirming for themselves this week, when the 40-year-old Governor-General despatched his and his family were busy bidding a fond adieu to Manitoba. Their departure for Ottawa on Jan. 29 leaves a lot of friends and colleagues with ambivalent feelings. "I'm terribly sad to see him go but I'm also very proud and glad for him," summed up his secretary for 16 years, Rita Gieseb. "Mr. Schreyer was always so pleasant to work for and knew the filing system better than I did. His memory is almost photographic."

Just to help out the faded Schreyer memory, a shower of mementoes will keep their native province glowing in the Schreyers' hearts. A framed photograph of the modest Winnipeg house the former premier calls "the cabbage patch" was scheduled for presentation by the provincial New Democratic Party—and also a leather bag from the

NOP, mementoes for which it shouldn't be hard to find a spot in the family's new 60-impale home in Ottawa. At the same Sunday gathering Jan. 14, the party hoped to choose an interim leader—probably former attorney-general Howard Pawley—and set a leadership convention date. But safely before the politicking started, the Schreyers (who now must be above partisan affairs) were to be off to Saskatoon, 40 miles northwest of Winnipeg, for a Farewell Banquet to a Native Son. The home-coming had a pampering for him of the farm he grew up on nearby. An arriving was also the planned highlight of a government farewell at the Manitoba legislature in midweek. A portrait of Schreyer was commissioned in 1974 from Ottawa artist Joyce Davis, but since official portraits are traditionally not hung until the subject retires from active politics, that of Schreyer, painted when he was premier, has been crated up ever since. The 1900

Schreyer, Canadian High Commissioner Paul Martin's wife Alice, Lily Schreyer and Martin. London greetings and farewells

government, which hasn't been over-enthusiastic in its praise of Schreyer's new appointment, felt safe in presenting the portrait to the world this week, secure in the knowledge that the former opposition leader will stay clear of politics for at least the next five years.

The weary Schreyers, who only returned to Manitoba last Friday after spending a week in England meeting the Queen and shopping in London, were to wend up the official farewells at an evening reception at Manitoba Government House, sponsored by Lieutenant-Governor Bob Jelen. Their Winnipeg house is to be rented to a young couple while they're in Ottawa and Ed Schreyer's 1972 Plymouth has been given to a friend, on condition he doesn't sell it. Schreyer's only other loose Manitoba end was the question of his part-ownership of L.P.C.M. Ltd., a company making recycled fireplace logs. That interest will be taken over by 16-year-old brother George, who isn't getting too upset over Ed's departure. "We're not planning any special family farewell because we hope to see him fairly regularly," he says. "Besides, Ed is a good letter-writer. We'll be hearing from him." —Peter Carlyle/Gordon

## World News

# The latest blitzkrieg finds an easy prey

The last time Vietnam's Prime Minister Pham Van Dong travelled to Thailand, he won some friends and influence by saving publicly never to interfere in the internal affairs of neighboring countries. A mere five months later, one of those neighbors—Cambodia—was under near total Vietnamese control. Hanoi had evidently decided that words and promises were not enough to end three years of border problems with its former ally, the Khmer Rouge, its Democratic Kampuchea (Cambodia). So the Vietnamese dashed off the maps of their 1979 invasion, ordered 14 infantry divisions west and by last week, 15 days later, they owned Phnom Penh.

It was just about that easy. In the invasion that began on Christmas Day, the Vietnamese took the same route that had yielded half of Cambodia nearly nine years earlier. But this time they added cautiously powerful air strikes to the attack and took the whole country. The heavily armed Vietnamese columns slipped on Phnom Penh along eight major highways from the northeast, the east and south and early on Sunday, Jan. 7, Premier Pol Pot and his ministers had to beat a hasty retreat from their capital, a day behind the last of 684 diplomats and Chinese advisors. A few hours later Vietnamese and Cambodian rebel troops entered the city and, within minutes, the rebel flag—the five golden towers of Angkor Wat on a blood-red background—flew from the main buildings.

Then, while some Vietnamese troops wheeled back to man up pockets of resistance, others pushed on to the north and west and by week's end the last major areas of defense—Banteay Meanchey, Siem Reap, near Bangkok, near Angkor Wat—were crumbling. It was a stunning victory, but it might not be as complete as it was speedy. While some reports said the Cambodian army had disintegrated, others claimed that as many as six Khmer Rouge divisions had melted into the countryside to prepare the "protracted people's war" promised by Pol Pot. If so, however, they were in for a hard time, cut off from their source of ammunition—China. And there were conflicting reports over whether Pol Pot was alive to lead them.

While Vietnam's leaders called the invasion the work of the Kampuchean

United National Front for National Salvation—a name that gave Radio Hanoi's announcers some trouble, since they had only about a month's practice—it was clear that the rebel Cambodians had actually played only a small role in the fighting. Further, Hanoi is expected to control the country, now the People's Republic of Kampuchea, through the new nominal leader, Heng Samrin, rather than since Cambodia's outright Samrin, a 45-year-old former Khmer Rouge troop commander, defected from Pol Pot's regime a year ago after he was marked for death in a purge of "pro-Vietnam" Communists.

Samrin at the UN and Cambodian rebels in Thailand; words were not enough



shot party members. All its main assistants—the "government"—has eight members—have similar histories.

Meanwhile, in the world outside, all was consternation. While the West was worrying that the war might spill over into "neutral" Thailand, the Communist camp was taking sides along predetermined lines. In Vietnam's corner the Soviet Union, Hungary, Poland, East Germany and Laos were swift in their support of Hanoi's action. Cambodia's backers—China and its East European friend, Rumania—voiced their concern. The row reached as far as the United Nations, where Norodom Ranariddh, former Cambodian king, prime minister and chief of state, was allowed Thursday to make an official appeal for help against the invasion of his "free little country." But there was little the world body could do to help, despite the strong words spoken in the Security Council.

The real question, especially pressing in Bangkok, was "Whither Vietnam?" Thailand is Cambodia's only non-Communist neighbor and an old foe of Vietnam, and already is fighting a troublesome, if largely ineffective, Communist guerrilla insurgency in the southern countryside. Even as Thai soldiers rushed to reinforce their border with Cambodia last week, four weekly heard in Washington was spreading that Kampuchean/Vietnam would spawn an urban revolution of disaffected poor people in Thailand. Resisting Phnom Van Dong's September pledge, a Thai official made strong statements with his hands, saying: "It isn't worth the paper it's written on now." In Bangkok that is a popular view. —David Allen

## When worlds collide

It was one of those occasions when, in more senses than one, idealism and realism collided head on. A crucial World Council of Churches (WCC) meeting in Kingston, Jamaica, discussing controversial grants to African guerrillas, was brutally revisited last week that in the Caribbean, as elsewhere, man's inhumanity to man is a factor to be reckoned with.

Protests against increases in gasoline prices funded by Prime Minister Michael Manley's government were quickly taken up by the opposition and massive

demonstrations, in which at least five people died, spilled into the campus of the University of the West Indies where the conference was held. In the worst of a number of attacks, two women delegates were raped at gunpoint after enjoying the night air with a male colleague. Earlier, licensed delegates had witnessed a rape-and-robbers chase across the spacious lawns as police fired into the air above two burglars (the men eventually surrendered) and the university took as something of the air of an armed camp as the Jamaican police and army were called in.

Against that background, the 100 delegates of the WCC's central policy-making committee found it difficult to concentrate on the business of thrashing out a compromise over the future of the anti-rupee fund, which they used last year to give money to the Patriotic



Scott: "more imaginative ways needed"

Front in Rhodesia and the South-West African People's Organization (SWAPO) in Namibia. Officially the money is for medical and refugee services. But its use is not monitored and many believe it goes toward armed struggle.

In the end, however, the WCC succeeded in arriving at a decision, favored by delegates from Canadian churches along with many in the West, to review the fund's administration and to accept as fact that not all church members who are opposed to it are racists.

Meetings will now take place in those churches where opposition to the anti-rupee fund is so great that there is a move to pull out of the WCC. In Canada, that means the Presbyterian and Anglican churches in particular. One Presbyterian delegate said she could probably persuade her church to stay in, though much depended on whether the WCC

made any more grants to "liberation movements" in the near future. But Canada's Anglican primate, Archbishop Edward Scott, the moderator in Jamaica, and a supporter of the anti-rupee fund, said that the WCC "may now need more imaginative ways [to support such movements] which cannot be so easily misrepresented."

Many delegates privately expect the WCC will not make any more grants for the time being to allow the issue to cool, giving the consultation process as the official reason. There will thus be at least a temporary drying-up of funds. Whether that state of affairs becomes permanent depends largely on the compromises which can be worked out back home. It is all very well for the WCC's Third World members to insist, as they did, that the policy of giving the grants is right. In practice, the bulk of the



Funk on hot duty: a chase-and-robbers chase

fund's money comes from rich nations like Canada—and given their doubts, it is only realistic to suppose that the money would have shrivelled anyway.

Ian Nether

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## 'She looked like a lot of trouble'

As the witness stand, Priscilla Lee Davis looked like the wronged woman in a 1940s Hollywood courtroom movie—a cool platinum blonde in black fur with a tiny diamond cross at her neck and just a touch of makeup on her pale, pretty face. Now and again she glanced at the 22 revolver (with silencer) on the defense table and gave a little shudder. It wasn't shooting wasn't the old Priscilla Lee—the brassy Houston gal whose marital misadventures Texas has followed, transfixed, for a decade.

Now 37, Priscilla first achieved notoriety in 1968 with her marriage to T. (Or Thomas) Cullen Davis, head of a billion-dollar, 80-company industrial empire. He was one of America's wealthiest men, a darkly handsome, oil-managed second-generation millionaire whose activities were regularly noted in the Fort Worth society columns. She was a country girl from a fatherless home, first married at 19, twice divorced, who dressed in jeans, bikini tops, half a pound of Indian jewelry and, sometimes, a gun strapped to one foot.

"She looked like a whole lot of trouble," said one Texas oilman and, last week in a Houston courthouse, the trouble of Priscilla Lee and T. Cullen was coming to a head in the final days of a legal maelstrom involving ransomed divorce proceedings, one murder trial and the current, bizarre "murder for hire" case.

At first, nothing had been too good or too expensive for Priscilla. Cullen showered her with fur, cars, jewels, her favorite pastime was a residence that spelled out "rich bitch" in diamonds. He paid for her silence "essential enhancement." He built her a 30-million mansion shaped like a Mexican pyramid.

But the marriage went sour and in a divorce battle, which began in 1974 and is unresolved today, Davis fought Priscilla's demands. Privately, Judge Joe Adams, growing weary, first barred him from entering the mansion, then froze Davis' assets, then ruled Priscilla's monthly support payments to \$1,000.

Hours after that last ruling, a bejeweled woman dressed in black broke into the Davis home, shot Priscilla in the chest, killed her son lover, Stan Parr, her 12-year-old daughter by an earlier marriage, Andrea, and wounded a family friend, who is now paralyzed.

Priscilla Lee and a second witness to the shooting spree swore the gunman was Cullen Davis.

In the trial that followed, Davis was acquitted of Andrea's murder, chiefly, many Texans believed, because her brilliant lawyer, Richard "Rambo" Haymes, had "got Priscilla on trial." Day after day, lurid testimony was heard about her past—of late evening parties by the pool, of marijuana and an affair—all in Cullen's absence.

After the victory party (attended by the judge and three jurors), Davis fire off at a slung badge, on \$355,000 had pending trial for murder of the lover, Parr, a six-foot seven-inch basketball player. But before the trial could take

Priscilla Davis, and Patton in fatal death picture, end of a legal maelstrom



place he was arrested.

Last summer, state prosecutors charge, he approached a friend, former karate instructor David McCrory, and asked him to arrange the death of 15 people as a "hit list," that ranged from Priscilla and Judge Adams to witnesses at his trial.

McCrory says he went to the FBI Target No. 1, Judge Reese, posed for a picture curled in the trunk of a car, his T-shirt drenched with ketchup to simulate a gunshot wound. Then, say FBI agents, an electronic library of conversations—telephone and personal—was secretly recorded between McCrory and Davis. At the last of their meetings, McCrory says he handed over the fake death picture, Davis' driver's license and a gun with silencer attached. In return, Davis gave him \$25,000 (\$100 bills). In court a tape was played of a conversation in which McCrory reported that he had "got" the judge and



was told to go after next "the ones we talked about." Davis doesn't deny the exchange. He says he was acting on instructions from a man claiming to be an FBI agent, who explained that McCrory was involved in a plot against him and asked Davis to "play along." The defense contends that Davis is the victim of an elaborate scheme, masterminded by Priscilla, to gain first, revenge, and second, more money in the divorce settlement.

The case continues. Davis has a new blonde girl-friend, Karen Slater, who faithfully attends every session. A chastened Priscilla, claiming she is too frightened to go out alone, still lives in her \$6-million mansion surrounded by guards, electronic security systems and watchdogs. "Cullen always thought his money could buy anything," she tells reporters during court recesses. "But one day he'll answer to God."

William Seckle

## West Germany

## Eagles that go up in smoke

The F-15 Eagle is "the hottest fighter in our inventory," says General John W. Pardy, U.S. air commander in Europe. But last week the March 23 Eagle, designed "to outperform, outfly and outfight any hostile aircraft into the 1980s," was under investigation because of its disturbing flight record.

Five Eagles have crashed in Europe in nine months—the last on Dec. 28—and inevitably the aircraft has been compared with the infamous P-34 Starfighter, nicknamed the "widow-maker" because of the large numbers lost in accidents. Only one pilot has so far been lost in the Eagle crashes, but Pardy has been concerned enough to order revised flying instructions and a review of maintenance procedures.

In addition, the fitting of a modification that makes it easier for the pilot to restart the engine after a flame-out (still in its test phase) is being speeded up. There has been speculation about the plane's vulnerability to flame-out and a USAF major and two of the Eagle crashes might have been avoided if the planes had been fitted with the starter-system modification. But there does not appear to be any single cause of the mishaps.



The Eagle—each plane costs \$24 million—was introduced in Europe in April, 1971, and so far the U.S. is the only NATO air force to deploy it, although Israel has some and Japan is going to build the aircraft under license from manufacturer McDonnell-Douglas. About 280 Eagles have been deployed in the U.S., where another five have crashed since their introduction in 1971.

West German sources claim that the first Eagles in Germany are crashing faster than the first of the Starfighters 17 years ago. And it is that statistic that has the Americans worried, though Major Fred Morgan of the U.S. Air Force's public information division in Europe, insists that the Eagle's safety record is very good when compared with other fighters. After 125,000 flight hours, the plane rate was 7.4, compared with the F-4 Phantom's 38.8 and the Starfighter's 48.

"This sleek Eagle you see before you is not just another airplane," said an air force dignitary at a European welcoming ceremony for the plane last year. And considering the F-15's imperviousness to bad weather, its breathtaking maneuverability, advanced radar system, Sidewinder and Sparrow missiles and 28-mm cannon, he could be right—if only the things will stay in the air.

Philip Leonard

## Spain

## A nasty way of saying 'No'

The terrorist's bullets which cut short the lives of a 61-year-old supreme court judge and a policeman in Madrid last week—and the bombs which killed two more policemen at the week's end—ruined to a new pitch the tension which has enveloped Spain's

The F-15 as single cause for its mishaps

burgeoning democracy since the start of the year. To the average citizen—but particularly to the increasingly restless military—the deaths were one more example of government ineffectiveness in the battle against terrorism. As far back as November, it emerged, police had known that the judge's movements were being watched by a shadowy terrorist group known as GRAP. Yet he was given no protection.

Armed forces anger had already spilled over some days earlier when Madrid's military governor, General Constantino Ortiz Gil, was gunned down by ETA, the Basque Marxist separatists. His funeral turned into a vociferous eight-day demonstration, with officers yelling threats at Prime Minister Adolfo Suarez and Defense Minister General Manuel Gutiérrez Mellado. This unprecedented display of insubordination appeared to play right into the hands of the Basque extremists. ETA claimed more than 60 victims last year and is keeping up the pressure at a delicate moment—parliament has been dissolved and a general election is due March 1.

At least two officers are under arrest for their part in a harbored coup conspiracy which came to light in November, and although many other officers, more in tune with discontent than democracy, are due for early retirement as part of a modernization process, even some of the younger men are in a rebellious mood because of the government's reorganization plans.

The emboldened population is just as ready for tough anti-terrorist action. Pardy and Rodilla greeted the interior minister, Rodrigo Martín, when he landed in nation recently. "Either we finish with the ETA or ETA will finish with us," ETA may finish with the current government, replied his political opponents, but it must not finish with Spanish democracy.

David Laird

"Judge de resistencia indefinida" primero de octubre.

Spain Get the army's anger spilled over



By Christopher Hume

**I**t all started as a dream. In 1907 Norval Morrisseau was visited one night by the Thunderbird, an Ojibway deity, who told him he had been chosen for the spiritual mission "I was scared," says Morrisseau, "and tried to run away. Don't be afraid," said the Thunder god. "We are testing you and you have passed the test." The task—and it became the task of a lifetime—was to break ancient taboos and set down for the first time sacred ceremonial songs and legends for everyone, Indian and white, to see. Under the Thunderbird's protection, Morrisseau began to paint visions never recorded before, reaching out beyond the Indian world. His debut in 1962 at Jack Pollock's Toronto gallery won an incredible success—all 42 paintings sold out on opening day. When his 18th show opens



old-fashioned, says Del Akkio, "There is no such thing as Indian art, only Indian artists."

**I**f the bold flowering of its visual art is any indication, the Indian way of life is stronger now than it has been at any time during the century. In 1962, when Norval Morrisseau was born to a small band near Fort William, Ontario, the old tribal ways were almost obsolete. But he had the boon of a remarkably traditional upbringing: as eldest son he was sent, according to Ojibway custom, to live with his grandfather, and it was his grandfather, Moses Manishkew, who educated the young boy in Ojibway ways, spending countless hours recounting tales of the people. (Morrisseau didn't spend much time in the white man's world of Indian schools—just long enough to graduate from Grade 8.) His grandfather was a stern Catholic, educated by Jesuit missionaries, and the

risseau has nonetheless stayed a shaman, or medicine man. Although he won't confirm or deny it, his friends believe he was initiated at an early age in the Shaking Tent ceremony, a sacred rite witnessed by few, if any, whites.

During his teens Morrisseau began to paint, if not on canvas at least in his imagination. It was something he had always wanted to do. "I am a born artist. Some people are born artists and most others are not. This is the way with Indians." His earliest works were done with whatever happened to be at hand—wax crayons, construction paper, torn bark—and he destroyed each piece when it was finished for fear of being discovered. Art wasn't Morrisseau's only adolescent find; at 15 he took his first drink. It became as strong an obsession. From the beginning, says Morrisseau, it was a matter of drinking "to get drunk—when I wanted to get drunk. I wanted as much as I could drink." His source of a "social" drink: "40 ounces, straight out of the bottle."

# The new age of Indian art

at the same gallery Jan. 28, it is expected to sell out—like all the others. In September, *The Art of Norval Morrisseau*, a large-format glossy art book co-authored by Pollock and Lester Kroll, will be published by Methuen of Canada. The circle widens.

Twenty-two years after Morrisseau was shaken in his sleep by an important god, more than 100 Indian artists are exhibiting in galleries throughout Canada. It's nothing less than a renaissance, or perhaps, as some would have it, the last great outpouring of a dying culture. As Morrisseau wrote in his book, *Legends of My People: The Great Ojibway*. "It would indeed be a great loss if these legends and beliefs...are

forgotten. For as much as lost. Every day an Ojibway elder dies, and every day some of the knowledge of his ancestors dies with him." Many of the Ojibway-Ojawa school of Woodland artists—Del Akkio, Jackson Brandy, the Kaskapew brothers, Eugene Ojile, and Carl Ray and Benjamin Chie Chie—who both died violently and young—have traveled far beyond the original impulse to record Indian culture before it disappeared. So much has happened since Morrisseau picked up his brush that already the term "Indian art" is

introduced her grandson to her particular of Christianity. The inevitable conflict between his grandparents' beliefs is still being fought by Morrisseau. By any account, he is an extremely religious man, having been one of the many many kinds of Christian Pentecostal, Russian Orthodox, Russian Catholic. Three years ago, he joined Kikankar, a doctrine of soul travel he finds compatible with Ojibway belief. "I was often pretty when I was a Christian," he says, "but as soon as I came back to my Indian beliefs there was no fear, there was no sin at all." (No word for "guilt" exists in Algonquian, the Ojibway language.) Shifting from one shade of religion to another, Mor-

risseau lived the stereotypes of Indian life—working when necessary to finance his drinks. The dream changed all that. It wasn't that he suddenly sobered up (his struggle with alcohol didn't end until 1980, when he joined Kikankar), but he had a purpose. Protected by his vision of the Thunderbird, Morrisseau was immune to the curses of the Ojibway medicine men. When Jack Pollock, his dealer-in-bark, arrived in Brantford, Ont., to teach art, everyone told him stories of the great young painter who lived out by the town's gar-

Norval Morrisseau, when he talks, others listen; when he goes, disciples follow





Ray's 'Smoking Tortoise' Shawan power

luge dented Pollock, expecting nothing, waiting for Merriemose to come to him, which he did, introducing himself at the end of one of the classes. "I begged him right up for a show," says Pollock. "By accident of isolation he is a painter untouched and unshibbled. The richness of the legends and his talent elevate his art beyond mere decoration." The immediate salient of Merriemose's first show left Pollock astounded: "It was a dream come true. Before the exhibition no one had ever heard of Merriemose—overnight he became a celebrated artist."

And he has remained one: every show since 1907 has sold out completely. Hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of his prints and paintings have been bought by collectors in and outside Canada. A limited edition of *The Art of Navaho Merriemose*, complete with a portfolio of signed and numbered prints, will be ready for the Jan. 28 show—purchase price, \$1,000 a copy. Last month, Governor-General Jules Lévesque awarded Merriemose the Order of Canada, the country's highest civilian honor. The federal reward, the accolade, have been great, though not so easy to handle. "For Merriemose the problems of success were enormous," says Pollock. "The native way with money is to share—where we have money, everybody has money. His wealth enabled the entire community of Beardmore to boost for nothing. He attracted all kinds of tribal groups who expected that from them on he'd have a never-ending supply of dollars."

But only outsiders diagnose him as a victim of tortured-artist syndrome. Merriemose laughs: "They speak about this tortured man, me, but I'm not. I've had a marvelous time, when I was drinking and now that I'm not, a mar-

velous time in my life." He still lives in Beardmore in a house without running water, an amenity only "toxicologic white men" need. The now famous lawn party Merriemose hosted last June for his friends from the art world ("If the Queen can hold garden parties, why can't I?") was generational white gloves and lace dressed all the way. The 36 guests, who chartered a plane to get to Beardmore, passed a delightful afternoon quaffing exotic Ojibway herbal teas and oranges rejected with vodka.

COURTESY OF MCCORD MUSEUM

**M**erriemose was the beginning of what is now usually called the Woodland Indian school of artists—Indians from the Cree, Ojibway and Odawa tribes. Their homeland is the vast area of Ontario and Manitoba sweeping north from the Great Lakes to the Arctic. They refer to themselves as the Anishinabek, which means, simply, the People. For thousands of years the Anishinabek passed their sacred myths and legends from one generation to the next by word of mouth. But their oral traditions were dealt a near-fatal blow with the arrival of European traders, missionaries and farmers. The novelty of European tech-



Wapoose Gallery artist Clemence Wapoose

are low. An average-sized Merriemose brings between \$3,500 and \$5,000, but some of the larger panels go for as much as \$15,000. For the time being, Canadian Indian art is "art for the people." But that's changing quickly. At Simpson's Green Cove, worth only \$300 in 1978, can be bought now for less than \$2,000. And, as Jack Pollock of Toronto's Pollock Gallery says, "Practically every show of Indian art held in Canada over the last 18 months has been a sellout."

Carl Ray, who ranks second to Merriemose among the Woodland artists, was the grandson of a powerful Cree shaman, and knew the explicit price of sacrifice. Ray (an Indian name, Mungwagwag, means "Tall Struggle") had learned tribal lore from his mother, his uncle and village elders, and believed he had to risk everything to record his heritage "before all is lost in the void of white man's civilization."

Merriemose threatened to blind him, and though he never lost his sight he became and was unable to paint for several years. Despite his trials and until his death, Ray was a master of graphic art. One of his finest pieces, *Smoking Tortoise* (the tortoise Merriemose is rumored to have undergone) shows his talent for large balanced pieces filled with exquisite detail. His delicate, almost Oriental work stands in contrast to Merriemose's bold blurs of color.

In the end, it wasn't the medicine man who defeated Ray. Last Sept. 22, Ray was found "following an alternation" between and bleeding up on a street in Sioux Lookout, Ont., and died in hospital. Though the circumstances of his death haven't been made public, the case is

At the vanguard of this vanguard is the divided circle. Merriemose explains: "I made circles because they represent something with no beginning and no ending, and I divided them in half because there are two sides to everything: good and bad, short and tall, love and hate, man and woman. Lines of power or 'power projections' are also found in most Woodland art, often seen emanating from representations of shamans and gods to show their power or energy. 'Lines coming from the mouth' might link with another figure's ears, indicating who is speaking and who's listening," explains Elizabeth Melkash, a cultural consultant with Ontario's ministry of culture and recreation and an Indian art expert. "Lines extending outward from a particular sense organ such as the eyes may not only vision but visionary quality."

Painters of the Merriemose school also use silhouette and wavy techniques, cutting through an object, demonstrating just how the Indian perception of reality differs in its refusal to separate rigidly the visible and known from their opposites. These symbols were considered by their native inventors to possess, as well as represent, certain qualities. Notations dealing with the transfer of sacred power or spiritual energy, for example, are often depicted with a special significance—and are viewed. The comes harked at Merriemose, resulted from his attempt to use sacred photography for nonreligious ends.

Others had more trouble enduring the stings and arrows of the shamans.

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still before the courts), Ray had been drinking with Indian friends that night and a fight started that carried out into the street. At the time of his death, Ray was both a grandfather and the editor of *Kikwano*, the newspaper at Sandy Lake, where he grew up—a man who had dedicated himself to preserving the Indian way of life. Ironically, the person charged with his death is Indian.

This violent current runs through the best of West Canadian Indian painters, branding them as distinctive by their shared symbolism. The most tragic figure among them was Benjamin Choe Choe, an Ojibwa artist from Temagami, Ont., who hanged himself in an Ottawa jail Oct. 10, 1977. He had been arrested for disturbing the peace while under the influence of alcohol, he was 32. What puzzles all who knew him is that Choe Choe had just achieved both of the major goals he had set for himself, the first of which was to become a self-supporting artist. His Toronto dealer, Neil Rapp of the Toronto Gallery, says Choe Choe made \$30,000 the year he died (though he once said \$30,000 worth of prints on a Friday night and was broke by Monday morning). His second goal was to find his mother, from whom he had been separated sometime in early childhood. He located Josephine Ray working as a cleaning lady in Toronto only months before he killed himself.

What puzzles some who look at Choe Choe's work from the outside, the critics and collectors, is the apparent contradiction of a man, who (among other things) spent nine years in assorted prisons and reformatories. Grease, sympathy and a crop cut of his best describe his art. His drawings are

so sparse that some refuse to call them art. Wayne Edmonstone, an art critic of *The Vancouver Sun*, thinks that Choe Choe's painting remained "the signatures of a talented man who in the end, these years still had in despair, his full name." However, some his suicide, Choe Choe's price has skyrocketed.



Ray (above) at 34, Ojibwa and mural. This Indian in Temagami, the critic writes.

The 31-year-old Ojibwa painter Del Acklows, one of the new generation inspired by the Woodland school but not part of it, explains: "I was forced to be a fighter. It wasn't what I wanted, that's not what I'm a painter, an artist." Born on Ontario's Cape Croker Reserve and sister of several years at Brantford's Residential Indian School (where he says his fluency in Algonquin was pushed out of him), he lives a wanderer's life, out of range of telephone, his mailing address out-of-date. "In my world," he says, "there are no legalisms, no contracts, nothing like that. There is only honor and be honor you die." His painting, like Choe Choe's, do not reflect the violence of his life. His latest project was illustrating a children's book, *How the Berks Got Their Colors*, published last November by Kids Can Press.

Vital legal painting, initiated to stop the final encroachment of white culture, has expanded into a concern to communicate with everyone. Merrimosa, near the student, is now the teacher. Young artists like Del Acklows are concerned with a personal vision—they begin where the Woodland school ends. Critics have become fond of saying that the genocide of the native art, since, 30-year-old Dagobert Odjig, once known as Pablo Picasso Ojig, was more to Pablo Picasso than to any Indian painter. Native artists are beginning to have an international impact, exhibitions of Odjig and others travelling through the U.S., Europe and Japan. "For some reason," says Merrimosa, "I don't know, but I think, Canadians have never given it the kind of serious examination that has taken place elsewhere." Fallack and other dealers of Indian artists believe there are bastions of official resistance, the Art Gallery of Ontario and the National Gallery of Canada. "There seems to be an unwritten policy—painting coming from 'primitive' cultures is not considered high art. Their treatment of Indian artists as ethnocultural oddities is nothing less than racist."

It takes a long time to break down walls. If the results of the European arrival in North America are to be understood, it must be in terms of the clash between opposing cultures—one, oral and intuitive, the other, literate and mechanical. The visual arts alone have allowed some thoughtful concentration. First, native sensitivities had to adjust to the very notion of art. There is no word in any Indian language that means "art," native painting always had other significant meanings, either religious or decorative. Merrimosa's revolution changed all that. He made Indian art acceptable not by ignoring the shamans, but by becoming one himself. A gift from the Thunderbolt—has own, even greater, magic.

## Business Column

### The great Canadian take-over binge: someday soon, this will all be theirs

By Rodric McQueen

If corporate take-overs continue to run amok among us, and there is every reason to believe they will, by 1985 Canada will boast but one petroleum firm, one retailer and one conglomerate that owns all the Nations for the three have yet to be devoured, but Glaxo, Glitz and Glitz are contenders, as Canada's corporations buy each other out in some back-porch Manopoly game gone berserk. In the boardroom's new board game, however, no one sits out their

turn in jail or even gets his wrists slapped by whoever passes for Canada's corporate policeman. The only man who has taken a whole lot has been only Bill Bennett, premier of British Columbia, slaving the steamroller that is Canadian Pacific Investments Ltd., and its chairman, Ian (Ole) J. Sinclair. It's the corporate takeover, says the federal government, that is deciding all this activity: competitive forces will weed out the weak international results in an efficient world-market industry. Is that view true? And if it be true, is it good?

In 1978, take-overs came three before us. Simpson-Sears wanted to swallow Simpson's, but was beaten by the Bay. Petro-Canada wanted out of the hands of Husky, only to be lapped by Alberta Gas Trunk Line Co. Ltd., a savior with shareholder lawyers, MacMillan, Bockel and Dentler Inc. led for each other, backing off as the two went for better, successful larger take-overs. In 1979, Glaxo Canada, Pacific Petroleum, Bridge and Argus Corp. There, the young and hungry Conoco Black got the award for control bargain of the year—a bidding \$11.4 million. Top offer, of Petro-Canada's bid, Pacific Petroleum bid comes \$14 billion. Take-over bids, including the unsuccessful, total more than \$1 billion.

While there is no shared theme in all, there are some common threads in each. First, good buyers existed, especially in oil and gas where purchase prices were less than present value of resources in the ground. Argentina's nifty, cheaper than exploration. Second, a now-or-never mentality was at work

For 40 years, the Bay had looked longingly at Simpson and jumped quickly at last because, said Bay Governor George Richardson, "if the Simpson-Sears proposal went through, it was gone forever." Third, the domino scenario. When Argus shopped around its 17-per-cent share of Imperial, MacMillan Bockel bid; Dentler made a defensive bid, 27.5 now double. Fourth, the you-can't-kill-me-not syndrome: Petro-Canada had Husky, Husky turned to Conoco Petroleum for time and some money, APT's Bob Eber showed



orders to buy Husky shares as he could participate in developing Husky's important heavy oil. Fifth, with high inflation and good profits, firms are awash with cash. Asked why his firm had paid too much to buy another, one executive replied: "We had money coming out our ears. We had to do something with it."

While it would be a pity to be a czar, the conservative does manage one. With an well-timed decision, a chief executive officer can make an corporate name and leave a legacy to be lauded. Last week, as individuals at a heavy-weight bank table were introduced, there were smiles and applause for some, no name for most. The 600 guests cheered only one of the 30 at the head table the Bay's Don McMillen, buyer of Simpson's. "You know," Simpson-Sears Chairman Jack Bayrock had said earlier, "you think you're here to sell a few refrigerators and socks, and the one thing you know, you're up in the wheeler-dealer class." Witness, losers

While all of this has been going on the boardrooms, however, small investors and some suppliers have felt the cold pinch of loss. Often the small investor can't see his shares at the premium price commanded by blocks, a new firm's purchasing clout can break a firm whose product, once praised, becomes passé. But here, one confided the recent Royal Commission on Corporate Concentration, is not, however, although sometimes it's difficult to

prove Nations Telecom, the only Canadian company manufacturing telephones for Bell Canada, sells the same phone for less in the U.S. It crosses down, says the company, to "what Americans are willing to pay and what Canadians are willing to pay." Then, Perhaps, too, Americans are also willing to pay more a minute. The U.S. justice department is currently preparing new anti-trust legislation that would prohibit mergers creating \$2 billion or more in sales or assets. Even with the smaller Canadian market and fewer corporate giants

than the U.S., such a ceiling would have killed some 1978 take-overs in Canada where the Foreign Investment Review Agency's opposition drove behind closed doors. Alan, Robert, Bertrand, assistant deputy minister for competition policy in consumer and corporate affairs, masters only weakness. The law, he admits, is not strong enough to limit deals like the Simpson-Sears one, even though he concluded it was "against the consumer's interest."

Though enforceable rules seem impossible to create. The competition bill, first introduced in 1971, has been drifting away since, under pressure from big business and growing hands-off government attitudes. It will help not a whit if ever passed. Meanwhile, the big get bigger, mugging all the while at the squeaked little guy. And how long will the fabled Glitz, Glitz and Glitz last? At least until yet-to-be-born Universal Glitz Holdings swallows all three. Then, those survival instincts will all—(328) ☐



# The hoisting of the jolly Rogers



**T**ed Rogers personifies enthusiasm. He is an iron man, a hustler, the 58-year-old man. "You sit there and you listen," says a colleague who has worked for Rogers on some of his most crucial projects, "and you ask yourself, 'What is this?' But let me tell you, you believe."

And with good reason. Last week, the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission had fulfilled 15 years of fatherly worship and approved the 46-year-old Rogers Telecommunications Ltd. president's \$30-million grab for 50.41 per cent—a mighty control—of Canadian Cablevision Ltd., the country's second largest cable television sponsor. For CCL Chairman Terry Griffiths (the only CCL executive not to have been given a pension by Rogers) it meant certain recognition and a shot at Premier Clark's son's presidency in Vancouver; for Rogers, an \$18-million bank loan and the largest cable television company in Canada—\$26 million in revenue in a \$2.65-billion industry, 17 per cent of the country's cable subscribers, and 37 per cent of the Toronto market, for Canada, according to one industry expert, it showed "the future shape of Canada's broadcasting industry."

Still, quacking is CCL's management. Says one CCL vice-president, "Rogers spends a lot of time doing things that aren't necessarily consistent with tradi-



Ted Rogers (top) and Catherine's (left) wife. He's a dancer and three-piece band

tional management practices." Like entering the boardroom of Premier Clark's son with a three-piece band. Rogers and his wife have danced 13 months ago in an effort, unsuccessful try at romance. "I wanted to show them the cable business was now also business," he says, "and that the business was not just a hobby but a serious business."

partner with sounds and lights while managing 10 birds, tap dancing and flailing out of Upper Canada College. "You try to say something. And I always want to be paid."

Which is why, 17 years after graduating from Ogden Hall Law School, he spent \$16,000 and three hotel-bound days in Hall's Auberge des Gouverneurs last September trying to convince the CRTC that he knew best. Married with lawyers led by John Graham, who is CCL's chairman and Rogers' stepfather, Rogers practised the art of persuasion as learned from former CRTC chairman Pierre Jettou, offering the society in return for what are apparently calls "the chance to be Mr. Big" since \$1 million in social dividends. Among them are a satellite consortium for cable operators and a massive rationalization of Toronto's patchwork cable system. "It was the classic fight between the little guys with lots of heart and the corporate lawyer types," said one observer. It was, says a CCL executive, much simpler. "Rogers is a well-known arch Conservative, and the Liberals don't want to be perceived to be interfering with business just before an election."

Others disagree. Although it turned down much larger Bats Broadcasting Inc.'s October drive for Multiple Access Ltd. for fear of hyper-concentrated ownership, the CRTC is now eager to develop a strong broadcasting presence for larger cable companies on a defence against a glorified Bell Canada, which plans to merge on cable subscribers' lives. The CRTC also wants to defend itself against federal Communications Minister Jeanne Sauvé and her department, who seek less power for the current and more for themselves.

A Rogers-controlled CCL could step that, though a full merger is two years off. It is a detail Ted Rogers will ignore while there are menaces to be met, people to be rebuffed. "The most important priority," he says, leaving over and tapping a listener's shoe for emphasis, "is the war with the Bell. We must mobilize and close ranks, develop a national cable system." He is now on his feet.

Next, is the satellite. There's a bet in the room before him, Roger to Rogers' Astoria—there is the American expansion of CCL, where cable systems add 200,000 pay-TV subscribers a month. "And finally, there is the question of pay-TV." But by then—as commentators say to Rogers' belt and the Canadian content should be fostered by dollar quotas and not airline requirements—the perfect sales act has been of its own. Ted Rogers has forgotten his business and is talking to the television set, leaping it with frantic hands, a man talking to his maker. **Ian Brown**

## A matter of manipulation?

**A**side from the occasional trip to Las Vegas, for some gambling, Jack Stapp's life has been that of any overworked senior executive—long days at work (after driving to the office in his white Rolls-Royce) and reading stock market prices off the ticker tape machine near his desk. Last week, the 52-year-old president, founder and senior of Toronto-based catalogue retailer Consumers Distributing Co. Ltd.—and owner of nearly a quarter of its \$24 million worth of stock—was paid an evening visit by the Metropolitan Toronto Police, who booked him on a charge of conspiring to manipulate the price of Consumers Distributing shares. Stapp left the station hours later with his underwriter, Standard Securities Ltd. President Gordon Wathrope, who was also charged. Each posted bail of \$300,000. Left behind in the cell until later in the week and released on \$300,000 bail was stock promoter and former Business hotel owner Allan Mann, who is currently suing The Financial Post for \$25 million for defamation of character.

The fraud squad began investigations into the stock's activity over a year ago. By the end of last week, the company's board of directors—which includes Stapp's wife, Leila—had called to Stapp's aid, as had Toronto's shocked investment community. Stapp is something of a hero in such circles, after he turned Consumers' fortunes around dramatically, doubling company earnings in 1977 following a two-year, self-imposed exile from the president's office in 1975 when the company's share



Consumers' Stapp: something of a hero

price plummeted to \$2.66 from \$36 in 1973. At prices over \$16 a share before trading halted, the market will comment on the charge before the courts get the chance. **Ian Brown**

## Going to the mattresses

**T**he government's two-month-old Board of Economic Development, BOD, as it is known in official Ottawa, is suffering teething fits. The board's nine cabinet ministers want a preoccupied child that will be before a spring election. The grumbled bureaucrats who serve the board see little in three-year chunks and do not share the politicians' sense of urgency. Among the politicians, there is also a dispute whether one should write a comprehensive industrial strategy for Canada or make a more positive approach. It will be up to Robert Andrus, BOD's proposed president, to resolve these and other con-

licts when board members and their staffs meet just outside Ottawa at Montebello Quebec, Jan. 20-21. The meeting will also write up the recommendations of the 20 business lobby task forces set up last year to study Canadian manufacturing industries. A meeting between the six ministers and key business and labor leaders is planned shortly after Montebello. Andrus wants some answers by then. Finally, Montebello will see debate on allocation of \$130 million earmarked for economic development after last year's budget-cutting exercise. The Automobile and pulp-and-paper industries are possible recipients. But in a budget challenge won't be less a weekend at Montebello. That task is to take the estimated \$5 billion the government already spends on economic development and spend it more carefully. **◇**



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It's many ways it has been a star-spangled summer season for NFL cheerleaders, but the 36 members of the **Dallas Cowboys**—veterans that they are—plan to put it all behind them when they shimmie into Miami Sunday for their third consecutive Super Bowl assignment. For some cheerleading squads it has been a disappointing year. And talk about casualties! **The Denver Broncos' Pony Express** lost two members when they were charged with riding an undercover policeman and the **San Diego Chargers** were disbanded when one of them posed nude in a Playboy pictorial spread. In Washington, the **Redskins** were penalized for having too much hunkified in motion and ordered to cover up, while in L.A. the **Unbeatable Erma** were told to clean up their trifling but lucky uniforms. Through it all, the Cowboys have survived to the finish. After weeks of putting on their hot pants one leg at a time and spending hours on the green practice field, they're ready to give 110 per cent when the Cowboys take on the Pittsburgh Steelers. What of the Steelers, who'll have no girls on the sidelines? "Our fans don't need other stimulation," said Joe Gordon, publicist for the team.



Cheerleaders out of uniform, sliding out locks. Cowgirls saddle up for Super Bowl.

It started as an experiment in behavior modification. It developed into a master's thesis and an allergy, but only recently has it found its rightful place outside the halls of academe—an CBC radio *State of My Best Bits* and *Friends* is a two-hour radio musical written by **Cliff Jones** (Hollywood *Friends*) starring **Marlie Mat** and **Kevin White**, to be aired Jan. 26 and 29 based on Jones' experience of being cooped up with 68 rats for 26 days in a lab at the University of Calgary. Although the little rodents didn't talk or sing (as they do in the musical) they did give Jones a debilitating allergy which occurred recently when the 32-year-old songwriter posed with them for the promotional photos. What price publicity? "When we went in for the pictures I had forgotten I was allergic," said Jones (as they do in the musical) they did give Jones a debilitating allergy which occurred recently when the 32-year-old songwriter posed with them for the promotional photos. What price publicity? "When we went in for the pictures I had forgotten I was allergic," said Jones (as they do in the musical) they did give Jones a debilitating allergy which occurred recently when the 32-year-old songwriter posed with them for the promotional photos. What price publicity?

When we last saw Rocky, played and written by **Sylvester Stallone**, he had just gone the distance with Apollo Creed (**Cliff MacDonald**), his face reminding the topography of the Appalachian Mountains. In the upcoming sequel, *Rocky IV*, the sentimental Abol-

ution of the little guy continues with Rocky recovering from plastic surgery and marrying his true love, Adrian (Pamela Anderson), who naturally wants him to fight no more. Rocky tries conventional, but he's no Joe Namath. He tries to get a desk job, but alas, he's semi-literate, so eventually he ends up working at the gym clearing out sweat buckets. Meanwhile, Apollo is hunkering for a rematch and Adrian falls into a coma after giving birth to Rocky's child. When she awakens and finds they have been married from their house, Adrian admits the best thing is for Rocky to get back to the ring. Smart guy. Enter **Burgess Meredith**, the crusty old trainer, who whips Rocky into shape. "At first I was going to have the fight in the Roman Coliseum and get blessed by the Pope," said Stallone, who also wrote the sequel. "But I figured I didn't want to stress too far from home."

alternative forties when what they are is Quebec (the party holds only one of 74 federal seats) he's not surprising that Terry Fox, MacDonald recently took a business's holiday in his little province, although it wasn't his leader Joe Clark who advised "Get over it, a manny." MacDonald spent her vacations at the Montserrat in Argentina, a French-speaking Catholic convent of 26 nuns in St. Georges, where she crashed up as her French, skated, skied and kept a keen ear to the political permafrost. Now it was her second vacation there in six months. MacDonald was familiar with the lights out at 10 o'clock rule, complimentary of the sisters' home-cooked meals and simply rapacious about the beautiful landscape. "I got a very good



MacDonald: war to the political permafrost.

rest," said MacDonald. "I wasn't actively politicking, but when I went to people's homes for sessions, we talked politics. They know who I am."

Canadian journalist John Burns has been a bother to bureaucrats from Ottawa to Peking, causing the mayhem at least in Somalia if not in full. A former *Globe* and *Mail* correspondent, the 36-year-old Burns has been the *New York Times*' man in South Africa for the past three years, typing away at the problems of apartheid, black unemployment, alcoholism and violence. One of his recent stories, an examination of a black squatter settlement near Cape Town which the government had planned to bulldoze, brought cries of "vicious propaganda" from South Africa. Foreign Affairs Minister **Michael Byrne** and prompted government offi-

cials to discuss his deportation. Although it's highly unlikely he'll be expelled, Burns doesn't expect much sympathy from the Canadian government. Eight years ago, when Burns was transferred from *The Globe* and *Mail's* Ottawa bureau to its Peking bureau, Prime Minister **Pierre Trudeau** offered these parting words: "Don't get into trouble over there, Mr. Burns. Because I won't help you if you do."

"A lot of yelling and screaming has gone on around here," commented Canadian actor **John Vanmar** (Animal House) as he surveyed the \$400,000 set of *It Happened One Night*. The *Day I Left*, a \$5-million Canada-burst production recently filmed in the U.S., was an appropriate setting for adversarial relationships. In one corner, actress **Billy Kristella** (M\*A\*S\*H) was complaining about not being paid for a costume. "It's a question of hon-

Curtis and Kellerman shooting a turkey.

or," shouted Kellerman. "I show up here every day." Replied the production manager "You turn up—but you turn up late." In another corner, Canadian the **Loraine**, 16, (Good Will Hunting) Vito, Nuccio was upset about her scene scene with actor **Tony Curtis**, 52, being chopped. "It's all very disappointing," said Langford. Curtis too, was not particularly happy, riled into silence by Hungarian director **Michael Cressler**, who continued on telling him to "act wet. Tacky. Act wet!" While Curtis was hard to mumble, "All I want to do is get out of here." Vernon took a more responsible approach, announcing "All right, let's shoot this turkey."

It's the staff of which Hollywood's myths are made. In the tradition of Lana Turner's discovery at Schwalb's Diner, 61-year-old **Pierre Sévigny**

Sévigny is a political mover with no allies.



was recently plucked from the lobby of Montreal's Ritz Carlton for a bit part in the movie *Apocalypse Now*, the former cabinet minister of *Le Devoir* (1968-69) who was implicated in the 1968 Gerdia Munnager affair, was exactly what Montreal movie producer **Robert Levesque** (in *Prison of Officer Women*) was looking for to play the role of a behind-the-scenes political power and boss of **Robert Mulroney**. Although the makeup department had a go at him, wardrobe didn't bother since Sévigny's own clothes—a dark overcoat, a lavender fedora and the ever-present walking stick—were perfect for the part. As is his future in the film's final Sévigny, who admitted he was apprehensive about the one-scene role. "There hasn't been any other offers. I'm not the great star overnight."

Edited by **Joe O'Brien**



## Sports



# Millions betting billions against the spread

By Hal Quinn

When the Dallas Cowboys meet the Pittsburgh Steelers in Super Bowl XIII in Miami, Sunday, it will mean the end of the longest season in the history of the National Football League. The game will mean spread of \$36 million for the owners of food, restaurant, store and bar owners on the sun-baked strip. It will mean millions of dollars in television revenues to the league, with more than 100 million people in the U.S. and another three to five million in Canada expected to watch the telecast. But more important to the millions of gamblers on both sides of the border, the early line from Las Vegas had the Steelers slightly favored and the Super Bowl is the last chance to score on the NFL this season.

Gambling is a multi-billion-dollar business in North America, and the NFL has taken over as the hottest for illegal action. Last year \$50 million was wagered on the Super Bowl—in Dallas alone. In the lines of relation, oil crises and wage controls, gambling is booming. Federal, provincial and state lotteries have helped fuel the instant riches syndrome and low-stakes bingo games and casino nights and casinos for action.

In 1977, legal betting in Ontario totalled almost \$1.1 billion, with \$400 million wagered on lotteries, \$625 million at racetracks and \$255 million on licensed games. Ontarioans account for about half of Canadian betting.

It is estimated that over \$67 billion is wagered illegally in the U.S. each year and that \$20 billion of that is played on the NFL. Metropolitan Toronto Police

Morality Squad officers estimate that up to \$3 million is bet each weekend on the NFL—in Toronto alone. A Montreal vice squad officer estimates the weekly pool is between \$2 million and \$3 million. As one Toronto officer says, "It's not to be mind boggling."

The NFL action ranges from personal bets between individuals (which are legal), to pool cards (which are not), to phone calls to Las Vegas shops (which are), to calls to local bookies (which are not). And throughout the exhibition season, the 264-game regular season, the eight playoff games and the Super Bowl, it matters not which team wears home, but whether they beat the spread.

Every Tuesday morning, the opening line on all the NFL games for the coming weekend is set in Las Vegas, by hand-

lagers like Jimmy (the Greek) Kefauver. The line, published in many daily newspapers, establishes for bookmakers and bettors across the continent the teams favored to win each game and by how many points—hence the point "spread." The prediction is based on home field advantage, past records, injury reports, weather conditions, but is not designed to reflect the respective strengths of the teams. The point spread is geared to make both teams attractive to bettors and thus balance the amount wagered on each.

It works this way: If the Pittsburgh Steelers are favored by three points over the Dallas Cowboys in the Super Bowl, then they must win by four points for their backers to win. If the Steelers win by three, then it's a tie. If they win by anything less than three points, then the Cowboys beat the spread and their backers collect. Bookies usually accept bets with a 10-per-cent "vigorous" applied. If you bet \$50 and win, you collect \$50. If you lose, you pay \$50.

There are a lot of big rollers in this city," says a spokesman for the Metro Toronto Morality Squad. A lot of players are in the \$5, \$10, \$50 brackets, but the rollers left the double digits long ago. "I know bookies in Toronto that will take \$25,000 bets on a single game," a local gambler says. There are enough regular big players in Toronto that one bookie, who was arrested in 1977 and convicted last year, took in \$250,000 a week on the spot. He was just one of the 56 bookmakers estimated last year in Toronto. In Vancouver 42 bookies were charged and 31 were charged in Montreal by the vice squad alone.

The heavy bettors are professionals—doctors, lawyers, businessmen. They have the added income to afford their bets. They are the exceptions.

One who can afford it goes by the name of Lorne Humble, PhD. He has a doctorate in psychometrics (the measurement of psychological variables) and teaches a freshman credit course in gambling at York University in Toronto.

His football system took a year to devise. It incorporates data on NFL teams over a 16-year period such as win-loss record against the spread, home and away record against the spread and straight up (whether team formerly, performance after decisive wins and losses, performance on natural grass and artificial turf, losing and winning streaks, plus the early lines (Tuesday) and the closing spread (Saturday).

Since then humbly applies the Kelly Criterion, after a mathematician who coined it. First, he establishes his percentage advantage based on his own past performance. If he won 60 per cent of the time, then he bet 60 per cent and

## The taxing problems of taxing greed

Federal, provincial and state governments are wrestling with ethical and moral questions as they ponder wider imposition of sports betting. Revenue from lotteries, racetracks and offshore betting (New York City generated \$20.4 million from OTB in six months last year) is needed and more compared to the potential from sports bets and casinos. Financially troubled U.S. cities and the Olympic debt-ridden province of Quebec are watching the balance sheets of Atlantic City, New

Jersey and open governments to consider lawsuits from persons adversely affected by gambling and those who believe added to gambling governments help people. Critics also say legislation attracts former non-gamblers to the betting industry. The U.S. commission heard the residents of Nevada, where most laws of legal betting are available, wagered in larger percentages more often and for



Jersey's new casino. The first Las Vegas East casino opened May 26, 1976. To 31 gross revenue averaged \$658,800 a day and totaled \$134 million.

Critics of legislation predict organized crime will become even more involved in gambling. But recent studies in New York City found no evidence that organized crime is involved in bookmaking. The U.S. Commission on the Review of the National Policy Towards Gambling stated however that the two principal goals of legalized gambling—revenue raising and crime control—are incompatible. It also termed legal betting a regressive form of taxation in that the poor pay a greater proportion of the income for it than the rich.

Religious leaders among others, like further government involvement risks the alienation of large segments of the electorate opposed to gambling on moral

higher stakes than residents of any other state.

England and other European countries have had licensed bookmaking shops for decades with low standards and little opposition. But North American sport has been scarred by the Stock Box baseball scandal in 1918, college football point-shaving in the 1960s and the recent admissions by Tony Costa that he had hundreds of horse races in the last few years. Pope Paulist, commissioner of the National Football League (the most lucrative source of illegal betting), is opposed to legal sports betting saying it would shift his interest from the home team is winning to their beating the point spread, and splinter the equipment to be games. Newfoundland Agriculture Minister Eugene Whelan has promised a decision on legalizing off-track betting sometime this month.

his advantage is 30 per cent. From this he subtracts five per cent (half the "vigour" taken by the bookie) and arrives at 15 per cent. Thus, according to Kelly, to maximize profits and minimize losses, he bets 15 per cent of his bankroll each time he wagers.

"This year my bankroll was \$16,000," De Hamble says. "Over the last nine years my system was 74-per-cent accurate against the spread. This year, with all the upsets, my percentage was 61 per cent and my profit \$16,000."

Just as unique as his approach is gambling, is his success rate. For a better-to-beat even, he has to bet on the 68 per cent of his picks, allowing for the vigour of his picks. This past 1981 season, he could have a split.

When Lance does his academic bit as Dr. Igor Kuznyoz, he sets aside his success through his legal book in Vegas and ponders the players without systems.

"Ninety-nine-per-cent-nine per cent of the people who gamble lose. Gambling is an adult form of play. We gamble to confirm our existence—the gambler gets excited, aroused mentally and emotionally, the heart pounds—and to affirm our worth by being smart enough to win. Only the professional gamblers play to make money, the rest to lose. It's addiction."

The winners breathe the pros? The bookies & Toronto gambler tells of a local businessman who started up an SFL last season, just for the fun of it. He cleared \$18,000. Though a small operator, his profit margin is net unique.

A spokesman for the Metro Toronto Hierarchy Squad says that in the past bookies had to "lay off" bets (put money on the opposing team when too much is bet on the other) in New York and Las Vegas. "Now there are enough big bookies that they can lay off in town," he says.

The heat on bookies has increased since Section 178.1 covering wiretapping was added to the Criminal Code in 1974. The bookie, and some hot rollers, know they're being tapped and have countered with sophisticated ways of avoiding detection. Some use a system of tapping their own calls. They call their own phone from a pay booth and write down the recorded bets on flash paper (which burns completely and instantly when touched to a match) then transmit a high-pitched electronic tone which triggers sensors of the tape. The bookie (the contractor: Criminal Code Sections 179, 180, 186 and 387) match wits and technology with, in Toronto for example, a six-man full-time squad from Montreal, up to 18 officers from

## Child of avarice, father of despair

"This malady is defined as a pathological behavior disorder in which an individual has a psychologically uncontrollable preoccupation and urge to gamble. They are compulsive gamblers. Their names are not known but their stories are—frustrated, emotional and mental pain."

Much like an alcoholic or heroin addict, the compulsive gambler is the reveller around the next bet. Heroin recovers is the main suffer, because of its availability and frequency. Their cards and sports betting. But casino gambling may take the greatest amount of money.

They begin saving small amounts and perceive loans, rebates and trends. Next come bank and finance company loans. When put down up they go to loan sharks and open themselves to threats of violence comprising the need to win big and pay off. The self-destructive side often leads to crime or other ill-fated success.

The vast majority of compulsive gamblers are male, and most are professionals.

Victorian lawyers etc.). But a former gambler tells of a Toronto wife and mother from an upper-middle-class area who turned to prostitution to finance her gambling.

In 1967, Gambler Anonymous was formed in Los Angeles to help them and now there are branches all over Toronto (four) Vancouver, Calgary, Hamilton, Montreal and Quebec City. One national hospital in the U.S. now accepts compulsive gamblers as in-patients and others in Brooklyn, N.Y. and Miami will soon open.

The co people say the cause is similar to any addiction—stimulation and the need to escape. They also say there is no cure. But each member of GA is just one bet away from pulling the money back on his back. ☐



Intelligence, plus plainclothes officers.

The police officers' investigations lead them to the summer end of the spectrum. "Books that have debts that they can't collect," says one officer, "will the debts to loan sharks at a reduced price. The sharks then gather all of it." Two weeks ago, the bullet-riddled frozen body of known gambler and suspected bookmaker, Edward Neuf, 33, was found in the trunk of a car at the Toronto International Airport.

Away from the computers that spot out winners and losers, closer to the winning lines that programs betting systems, Lance Hamble is already looking forward to next season. "It's

hard to make money on the NFL now, but it will be almost impossible in a few years. With more sophisticated gambling analysts being published, the oddsmakers are beginning to utilize the same methods. The point spreads will be tightened and games will be much harder to pick."

So to jump in before the bank closes, Hamble intends to play the NFL next season with a \$50,000 bankroll, his system and the Kelly Criterion.

"According to my analysis, I should make about \$390,000," he says, and vowing the gambler's dream, "then I should be able to retire." He quickly adds, "But I won't." ☐

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## Medicine

# The treatment's retarded, not the children

**A**t birth the infant cries reflexively, seldom smiles and shows an aversion to physical contact. Two years later all the baby does is vigorously rock his body, absorbed, it seems, only in things that don't move. By four, although apparently bright in many ways, the child is virtually mute and intermittently responsive to his parents.

The diagnosis is autism, a catchall

term, 40 normal, and 40 retarded children between the ages of four and 16. His research shows that some autistic children, as opposed to normal and retarded children, have suffered damage to the left hemisphere of their brains. Such damage in normal children usually sets off a compensatory mechanism that rearranges brain functions from one hemisphere to the other. But this doesn't happen with autistic children.



diagnosis (applied to one child in 2,000) for a variety of symptoms — unresponsiveness to surroundings, emotional withdrawal, seemingly irrational behavior.

The latest in this research is reported in the *Journal of Autism and Child Development* by Dr. Edward Blackstock, a 37-year-old psychologist and researcher at York University in Toronto. His twofold study suggests that current therapy has been improperly directed.

In the past, theorists trying to come up with a definition of the disorder usually latched on to the prevailing psychological trend. Freudians thought autism was caused by maternal deprivation and behaviorists saw autism as something that resulted from poor parental reinforcement, just as odd, albeit, intelligent parents were once thought to spawn psychotic kids. But now, Blackstock says, current biological explanations relieve parents of the burden of guilt and responsibility.

Blackstock's study involved tests on the skills and development of 80 autis-

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## Health

# From Philly, with death and mystery

**A**t first it's a feeling of weakness, tiredness, slight headaches, followed by high temperatures, chills and sweating, a dry cough, vomiting, and abdominal pain. Sometimes the victim dies. It could be the flu, a new variant type, perhaps, or more likely an unsuspected pneumonia, but another possibility — one that doctors in Canada, especially in Ontario, are becoming increasingly aware of — is the mysterious Legionnaires' Disease.

Last year there were 21 cases of Legionnaires' Disease reported in Canada — one each in New Brunswick, Manitoba and British Columbia, and 18 in Ontario. Two of those in Ontario, a man and a woman in Toronto, died. The reason for this almost overnight discovery of the disease in Ontario is the reporting procedure. Since Nov. 24, the ministry of health has noted the disease as notifiable, meaning that a doctor must report a case to a medical officer of health within 24 hours. But it would appear, in fact, that the disease is far older than first thought, and that it has caused more deaths, misdiagnosed as pneumonia, than can be estimated.

At present, Ontario is the only province which requires recording of the disease. The first was reported in July and the last over the Christmas season. Once this happens, the ministry has a special team of doctors, health inspectors, engineers, public health nurses and sanitation experts who would be available to assist.

So far no one has discovered how the disease is transmitted. In fact it was only two years ago that the cause of the disease, a previously undiscovered bacterium, was first seen under the microscope of Dr. Joseph McDade at the U.S. National Center for Disease Control in Atlanta. Six months earlier, in the summer of 1980, the disease struck in epidemic proportions at a convention of the American Legion (then Legionnaires' Disease) in Philadelphia. More than 200 people became seriously ill and 29 died.

Medical detectives thought they had discovered a new disease. Wild theories about its cause were offered and investigated — grain warfare, poison gas, pigeon droppings, toxic metals. At one point in an investigation into the disease by a House of Representatives subcommittee a delegate to the convention testified about a "glass-eyed man in a royal blue suit" who told delegates "It's too late. You won't be saved. The Legionnaires are doomed!"

The truth is that the disease has been around a long time. "It's ubiquitous — I suppose we had a lot of these cases," says Dr. John Joshua, the senior medical consultant on communicable disease control for the Ontario ministry of health. Using present blood study methods it is possible to retrace cases back to the '60s. But the first known outbreak, again traced through old blood films, was in Washington, D.C., in 1960.

There were 60 cases and 14 deaths in the Washington outbreak.



There were 60 cases and 14 deaths in the Washington outbreak. Another's information on the outbreak shows that it occurred in a psychiatric hospital and is a particular part of the building where there were no air conditioning for a spring-flap system.

The second outbreak occurred in 1968 in Pontiac, Michigan, where there were 144 cases, 36 deaths and 30 pneumonias, which has been usually associated with the disease. Joshua speculates that there may be more than one strain of the disease. The next outbreak was reported in Scotland where 16 cases and four deaths were reported after a group returned on a charter flight from Spain, where they had visited a town undergoing extensive excavations. A further outbreak, although little was reported about it, occurred in 1974, once again in Philadelphia, where 26 cases and two deaths were attributed to the disease.

A recent case in Ontario, just north of Toronto, involved two brothers. "I'm sure they got it from the same source," Joshua says, "but what that source is I

don't know." The wives and children of the brothers didn't become ill, which tends to support earlier evidence that the disease is not transmitted person to person. Yet only last month it was reported in a medical journal that a doctor who had treated the charter flight victims in Scotland in 1970 appears to have contracted the disease from a patient. His case was only discovered soon through old blood smears.

Joshua believes that the source of the disease is environmental and although there seems to be a close relationship between the disease and excavations and ventilation systems, no such relationship has been found in Ontario. This

U.S. veterans carry casket of Legionnaires' Disease victim to a bug the border CBS's stop

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Dr. Stephen Thacker carries victim Thomas Payne in Canada, a search for answers, too

year it is likely — in Ontario, at least — that many more cases will be reported because of the new regulations.

It appears that Legionnaires' Disease can be effectively treated, if caught early, by an antibiotic called erythromycin. "We've lost a lot of people, who, if we had known what we know today, would have been saved," Joshua says. "People died in the past simply because they were not diagnosed correctly."

Warren Gerard

# How ocean research came out of its shell

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways: fried, baked, steamed, on the half shell, in chowder and now—in the lab. The batches of clams delivered to assistant professor Ma Thompson at

state that men's magazines can only fantasize about—even at 100 they remain sexually active. Clams, in fact, seem to live in a watery Shangri-La, devoid of all aspects of



Thompson and his clammy clam body, yes, but will it solve humanity's problems?

Princeton University are not to be downed with cocktail sauce and a cold beer. Professor Thompson's clams make their supreme sacrifice for science, and while that might make for fewer bowls of chowder, it has led to some extraordinary conclusions about a very ordinary mollusk.

The ocean quahog, which Professor Thompson has studied along with other species for the past decade, can live to an age of 150, giving clams the undignified title of the longest-lived of the invertebrates. Although this species resides quietly in the sand from 50 to 600 feet below the surface, their lives are far from dull: the clams exist in a

constant state of flux. "We're not sure if they ever die of old age. The only ones whose date we're certain about are the ones fishermen take," says Thompson. While no one is ready to predict what animals, man included, can learn about aging from mollusks (except to steer clear of trawler's nets), some physiologists are planning microscopic examination of quahog tissue for clues to eternal youth.

To establish her subjects' longevity, Professor Thompson examines the shells with the aid of radioactive analy-

sis to determine their age. Her calculations are based on findings that clams add one band a year to their shells, the bands vary in size from year to year, with the widest frequently occurring every 22 years—mirroring Thompson's belief, with the earth's double sunspot cycle. "The clamshell bands are quite similar to tree rings," Thompson explains. "They're really a way to read history. When we know that, I think we'll be able to read the quahog's bands."

Another significant aquatic chronology is now being recorded by a mailmark of even humbler origin than the clam. The lowly mussel has emerged as the world's most efficient pollution-recording device. "For aquatic research, it's the best monitoring system we have," says Dr. Eric Schneider of the United States Environmental Research Laboratory in Narragansett, Rhode Island. "What the little buggers do," he says, referring to his favorite bivalve, "is pump from 1½ quarts to two quarts of water through their body every hour and spit out the food through their gills. But, at the same time, they concentrate the pollution in the water in their bodies at levels which we can measure." The mussels can detect such varied contaminants as petrochemicals, heavy metals, synthetic compounds like DDT and PCB, and even signal the presence of radioactivity.

Mussel Watch—a global pollution network based on analysis of mussel contaminants—was set up by 20 nations late last year. In the U.S., sampling is done annually on the Atlantic, Pacific, and Gulf coasts.

In Canada, Professor Daniel Cosson of the Université du Québec in Rimouski has used the shelled bivalve to study pollution in the St. Lawrence River. Not all Canadians, however, are completely sold on Mussel Watch. "I think it can be overrated," says Dr. Jack Ulke of Fisheries and Coastal Canada. "Mussels are good to identify contaminants but to go in and test every year and measure pollution levels doesn't seem to me to be the answer. Once you identify the presence of pollutants, the idea is to treat the whole ecological environment to get rid of them. I just don't think measuring the whole system."

Despite the breakthroughs that have elevated the mussel and the clam to new scientific heights, a pressing gastro-nomic problem still remains: can you eat for dinner what you just sipped up in the laboratory? Informed opinion (Elmer's "No Shell Answer") says Schneider, "but I always want to know where they come from first." But for Ma Thompson, clamshanks are a thing of the past. Confession to the Princeton scientist. "I haven't been able to eat a clam for five years!"

Rita Christner

# Paradise not yet lost...

The equatorial sun streamed down as the diver drifted through dancing fish and the coral wilderness of a Pacific reef, hovering at a stiff edge which dropped 2,800 feet into cobalt-blue stillness. Then the spell broke. "Suddenly five or six huge grey sharks came charging up from the bottom and several more roared in from the shallows," recalls Alan Emery, a marine scientist at Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum, who sets off Jan. 25 on another adventure, this time to the virtually unexplored Chagos Islands in the Indian Ocean. "I really thought my time was up because the guy riding shotgun for me peeked and took off. And he took the bang stick (a weapon with a magnesium shell at the end which explodes when poked broadside into a shark). Fortunately, the silver-colored sidley catch had fallen off and so it flickered down through the water, the sharks veered toward it, then veered off."

Drama like this is all in a day's work if you're an archipelago. Rick Winterbottom, 33, Emery's 10th research partner for three two-month stints at Chagos, warns that Emery now carries pieces of silver as standard diving gear so that they're both trying to figure how many bang sticks to tie to their bodies. "Actually," he adds in a claustrophobic moment, "we're really not looking forward to that part of the trip. But we plan to collect 30 sharks for study, bringing several back to Canada [for the 1000]."

"We think there are many different species around Chagos—one may have originated from the Red Sea and one from the southeast, perhaps the Pacific grey shark from Australia's Great Barrier Reef. But we've also seen photographs from a preliminary survey done in 1975 showing some sharks with scars while on their fins, so there's the exciting possibility we may find a completely new undescribed species."

Winterbottom, a native of Cape Town, South Africa, has been fascinated by the Chagos Islands since he discovered they were more than flyspecks on a map of the Southern Ocean.

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Pacific grey shark off Chagos, Emery (left), while Winterbottom (right) watches on, help plotting their destination. Tricolor not yet spoiled by exploitation, collectors and alphas.



Leave it as a nature preserve like the Galapagos Islands in the Pacific.

sphere. So the upcoming yearling British government-sponsored expedition to the equatorial chain of atolls in the middle of the Indian Ocean is a dream come true. He and Emery, who will celebrate his 60th birthday on the trip, will be the only Canadians among 15 scientists and 45 support personnel on the British-administered archipelago. Composed of five main atolls, of which only Diego Garcia—with its U.S. Air Force base—is inhabited, the coral chain is being surveyed so the authorities can decide on its future: how far to exploit its commercial possibilities (as hardwood and fishing and how far to

To Winterbottom and Emery, it's a last frontier, largely unexplored because of its isolation. It's 1,600 miles from the Maldives Islands, the nearest land; and the fact that most of the inhabitants were relocated to Mauritius in 1974. "It's at the forefront of geographical knowledge," says Winterbottom, of the 190-mile-long and chain. "We'll survey everything by means of photography and specimen collection and try and figure out such things as marine life dispersal in the Indian Ocean." Winterbottom says that because Chagos is swept by monsoon winds and the strong equatorial current, which originates near Australia and pours out on the African Coast north of Madagascar, it is known as a staging area for marine





## Upside down 6 is 9

LINDA GOODMAN'S LOVE SIGNS

by Linda Goodman  
(Falconry & Wilkins de \$19.95)

So there are, writes Goodman, "thousands of people who practice astrology as some sort of fortune-telling device, commercializing it for financial profit and treating it as merely an entertaining party pastime." Do tell, Goodman—who just picked up \$2.25 royalties for the paperback rights to her current astrology sign—has a lighter purpose, as starbought as the Milky Way. All she wants is to bring Love back into the world, and now—as the Age of Aquarius dawns and "legend whispers" that the Ties of Gurus and Isis are finally going to get it together after centuries of seeing the wrong stranger across a crowded room—the time is ripe in every hamlet, similar Twin Soul lovers will suddenly recognize each other, and their "ecstatic blending" will result in paz et boom for all. Of course, it helps to have a handy copy of *Love Signs* under the bed or on the floor of the hut to check if this is also someone who will take turns at putting out the garbage.

This is a silly book. It includes the

startling insight that when men and women are each turned upside down, they become the other. To Goodman, this proves that Men and Women are inseparable. Yet, one is always wrong in a

direction reverse from the other. There are many more fascinating and revealing lessons to be studied of Six and Nine. We'll discuss it in depth in a future book," she promises. There are a lot of future books coming up, for example, on how we don't have to die (a miracle I dare to predict will come much sooner than we now believe). Right? For that one should hit an all-time high.

Goodman is as competent as many other astrologers at explaining how



book on *The New York Times* best-seller list. With the literary style of Louisa Parsons and the poppy accuracy of a fortune cookie, Goodman attempts to unravel the mysteries of human relations. The author herself, however, explains a cryptic hint: held up in a New York hotel, she related an interview after the paperback launch. "There are just some things in my personal life that want to get straightened out," says again Martin L. Jenkins, equally cryptic.

The reaching pages of *Love Signs* give the clearest indications of the tangle Goodman has found himself in. Among others, the book is dedicated to Aaron Goldblatt, her first agent, found gunned and dead in a Times Square flophouse last year. The forward contains a letter to her daughter Sally in her mid-80s whose disappointed five years ago Goodman's husband, Ben, identified a decaying body in Sally's apartment as that of the young woman Ben Goodman herself had once

believed Sally dead. We think she's in a convent. That's all it can buy now," says Ben Goldblatt, a Goodman confidant who lives in Goodman's adopted home town of Crepple Creek, Colorado.

Goodman evokes conflicting emotions in Crepple Creek. She is a life of ecstasies, none around in long decades: glory still bounds into her life (betrayal—Sally took her lover, children left in prison). While Goodman gives her sign, Aries, freely, she is less specific about her age: repeatedly in the mid-40s. Roseanne passes harsh judgment on Goodman's age. "She's not so young as she looks. I bet she has had a face-lift or two," she speculates.

Excidents at Harper and Row believed in Goodman's shunt through to allow her to determine *Love Signs* (outdated data by the same reckoning. But with over \$2 million sold up the paperback, *Love Signs* is bound to take to the stars. The paperback will appear in November 1980.

Rita Klempner

people of various sodas signs will get along remarkably, but her credibility in this portion of *Love Signs* (the portion that will, in fact, sell it) is substantially blown by her prelude and epilogue essays on such curious topics as God's god-friend (his "Co-Creator") and the semantic counter for infidelity. To be employed in yet another far-reaching you-know-what. "Yes," she writes happily, "it is time for a Moonshot. A Way-shower." There seems to be little doubt in her mind about who it might be.

Sandra Pardo

## Daring people on flying trapezes

LOVERS OF THEIR TIME

by William Trevor  
(Clarke, Ivan \$15.95)

It goes just as terribly bad and present, Trevor observed, "and it catches everyone who enters into his skin with a satisfactory answer." William Trevor's characters are people who try to deal with the underlife of the past before it pulls them under, and often the answers are unsatisfactory. As in his earlier collections of short stories (*The Roadman of Rosneath*, *Angels of the North*), Trevor illuminates particular moments in the Anglo-Irish spectrum of sensibilities with classic simplicity and an uneasy ear for its speech. *Midwife's Knot*, umbrella title for a trio of memory pieces, is the focus of *Lovers of Their Time* and best illustrates its concerns. *Midwife*, the narrator, is nine at the beginning of the first story, 48 by the end of the third. The first recalls an incident, many times rudely shattered by the Second World War, the remaining two trace *Midwife's* gradual retreat back into the safety of the past as a means of dealing with an unbearable present. The mental equations by which the child *Midwife* tries to impose a moral order on her experience have crystallized into bitter certainties. Trevor is showing us the human psyche's fearful capacity for violation, as he does in the cases of poor old Mrs. Malloy, or the forlorn spinner, Sarah Maclean, or the estranged youth who seeks solace in a fantasy conception in *Midwife's* case, however, he also points to a curative how it's possible for victim to turn avenger. *Midwife* takes a terrible revenge as did a once obtuse, Billy Baxter-like English schoolboy (Terence) who appears many years later to chastise the teen of his former, taunting schoolmates, becoming one of the most cruelly funny aspects of sexual retribution since Myra Breckinridge.

Trevor can chart abused states with

surgeal precision, and he can supply those subtle gradations in one obvious flesh into another. It's through their stunning psychological acuity, rather than O Henry endings, that his stories achieve their great impact. In

Trevor, working under the net



Trevor's circling ring of emotion, the reader inevitably finds himself in star orbit. Trevor reminds us we're all working under a net.

John Lownsbrough

## The origin of the specious

THE COMMON HERITANCE

by Michael Bradley  
(Doubleday \$12.95)

MPRINT

by Michael Bradley  
(Doubleday \$12.95)

Ever since Charles Darwin's *Origin of Species* shattered evolutionary guess, genetics has been shrouded in speculation and mysticism. Racists have perverted the "Yantra" of heredity for their own sociopolitical interests. Contemporary scientists have again gathered threads from biology, anthropology, and ethology to reassemble human behavior. Sprung from the looms of such evolutionary best-sellers as Desmond Morris' *Naked Ape* and Erich von Däniken's *Chariots of the Gods* is a wholly Canadian *Midwife*, *The Common Heritage*.

Author Michael Bradley singles out one race of man as overly aggressive, sexually misadventurous and biologically inferior. Had he been talking about blacks or Orientals, Bradley would never have been a laughing. But the "persecuted" he depicts are Caucasians, and playing, in part, on the white man's burden, he tries to justify his set of psychological projections. There is a ven-

eer of logic to the whole work, even if the racial fixation is almost life-consuming. By Bradley's account the white race's social behavior has been retarded by the adversities of a prehistoric glacial age and the physiology of Neanderthal populations. Sexual frustration leads to displaced aggression; racial fratricide. Nazi genocide, nuclear holocaust and environmental poisons are all residues of the racist legacy, the glorification of Western civilization is merely a racial vanity.

Bradley, in this last seemed book on cultural psychological, piles on the skin and flesh evidence. But the skeletal infrastructure of his human evolution is the jelly. The tension between rational culture and innate biological determinants is not convincingly resolved. Instead of solidly attacking that theoretical underpinning, Bradley takes a defensive posture. Why admit that an argument is "embarrassingly threadbare" and then spend 200 pages defending it, though some of it is intrinsically?

The more cannot be said for *Imprint*, a first literary excursion for Bradley, an advertising and marketing researcher by trade. Billed as "a tale of international intrigues," the novel has as



Bradley: happens of a Trotsky budget

## Charting the skies for cash

Astrologers have been reading the stars since the days of ancient Egypt but it took the 23th century to produce astrology's first superstar. Linda Goodman, what does publisher from the rights of her astrology sign, has received predictions but the age of her earthly signs when Hester and how answered the paperback rights to the book, taking ended as an astronomical \$2.25 royalty, the largest amount ever paid for a paperback book. The book, published only by the \$2.25 rate paid for *Midwife's Knot*, but since this sum also included reprint rights for *The Godfather* (Goodman's lawyer, Martin L. Jenkins actually set the all-time record.)

It is an awful lot of money to pay for an astrology book, a similar, Aris, Friedman, editor in chief of *Fortune* (later, who submitted the winning offer) at Goodman's first book, *Sign Signs* is any indication, Friedman won't have to worry with no initial buyout. That book sold one million in hardcover, three million in paperback, and became the first astrological



much suspense and sex appeal as a Treadwell budget. The Canadian hero, Arnold Korman (internationale for a moon, ecological principle and battles the CIA and a quiescent American presidential candidate along the way. Although set in the 1980s, it has the sensibility of the *Ms. Frisby* series: a geography of Neandertal, and, while there's only one murder, there are several character assassinations.

Toby Kornblith

## Alice through the hourglass

SANATORIA UNDER THE SIGN OF THE HOURGLASS  
by Bruno Schulz  
(Blackwells: \$11.95)

Centuries in the depths of the night, you dream of a foreign country where time plays painful tricks. Shapes and colors change without reason, nothing explained. To read Bruno Schulz is to enter that dangerous territory and explore its caves and shadows. The land is bruised and haunted. The people's eyes are sad.

*Sanatoria Under the Sign of the Hourglass* is an alarming and beautiful collection of stories. Its author, Bruno Schulz, was a Polish Jew killed by the Gestapo in 1942. He was carrying a load of bread through an Aryan section of Brochów, an obscure town near the Russian border where he had spent most of his days. A painstaking artist and writer (80 of his tone, scrawled drawings illustrate *Sanatoria*), he died with a tenuous reputation at home, completely unknown abroad. Like his

Schulz's drawing: visiting his father

older contemporary, Franz Kafka, whose novel, *The Trial*, he translated into Polish, Schulz married his writing into the borders of an unhappy, unvaried, uneventful life. Only in the past 15 years has his fame begun to grow.

On the evidence of *Sanatoria*, Schulz was a master—one of the finest writers of our time. Remoteness to the matter-of-fact approach of Kafka are not enough, but Schulz was no plagiarist. Imagine *Alice in Wonderland* written in this country by a lovely Polish Jew. Imagine that the land's world of childhood has turned to ritual night. The White Queen's words to Alice, "It's a poor sort of memory that only works backwards," could be lifted straight from Schulz, obsessed by the fractures and decay of time. In the title story, Joseph, the young narrator, visits his late father in a dingy sanatorium where time has been delayed and the inhabitants are half alive. By the book's end, father has become a crab and—shades of *Alice* again—"a boiled and served on a platter."

Not all the tales are gruesome. Schulz's flights of fancy lead us through an exhibition where the women heroes of history can be cupied back to life, and into a house where berries of sunset ferment get drunk on raspberry syrup. But it's still a world of torment: even the easiest freightless rest in *quadrant* and are crossed by boys in the streets. Bruno Schulz dispatches calm, whimsical reports from a prophetic imagination marred in civil war. Joseph, like his biblical namesake, is an interpreter of dreams—of a terrible elegance not soon forgotten.

Mark Achon

## Who could ask for anything more

HAPPY ALL THE TIME  
by Lauren Colwin  
(Random House: \$10.50)

Emotional, sensual has claimed many victims in the 1970s. In Maple City, relationships have become relationships, either five or six (or 13 or 14) daughters, one or the other of the disappointed partners calls the whole thing off. *He* watched too much television. She poured ketchup over everything. But just as many of the disillusioned have come to accept as normal the fact that in matters between men and women, the centre is not holding, along comes New York author Lauren Colwin's *Happy All the Time*. It is (says its dust jacket) "a wholly delightful comedy of manners and morals" with, of all things, a happy message about contemporary love.

Two sets of couples, well educated, well bred and reasonably well adjusted, fall in love and stay in love. (With their original partners, you cynics? Kyes get messy, heads get held, champagne gets reassured by the quartet. Ladies and Gentlemen, we give you the *Happy Ending*. The women, Kelly and Misty, are adorably difficult. Kelly, a "strong, domestic sensualist" (read good cook and housemaker) with sleek, Japanese-style hair, tends to go off in spirit of the moment persons just when things are as beautifully happy at home. But she does so, causes her husband, "lauding like the most chic of all possible retreatants" and when she returns, she makes him "very perfect" scrambled eggs with cheese. Misty, meanwhile, affects an "only Jew at the dinner table" look and essaying goodwills of upper-middle-class social situations ("I will not sit around making nervous small talk over some garbage rack of lamb"). The boys, Guido and Vincent, are adorably obtuse. While not quite understanding their wives, they still wryly at their feet.

Together, the four make not conversation but repartee. It's all so reminiscent of a Cary Grant movie with, as one disappointed reader half put after closing the book, "too crude undercurrent in sight." When word first filtered out that there was a happy novel about relationships (and one also hailed as witty and delightful) curiosity among trendy single groovers with a Harry Ben can rampant. A happy ending? Are you sure? Perhaps, for all those still floundering in the sea of stormy relationships, it would contain a message, a tip on how to get there from here. Well it does. All you need to be successful is love is perfection.

JoAnn Thomas

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## Why should we spend a couple of billion bucks for a job that doesn't need doing?

By Patrick Watson

Pierre Trudeau and his front-line troops on Parliament Hill claim to be the face of high unemployment and a vague desire that there is nothing really wrong with Canada; if only Canadians would start believing in themselves. John Diefenbaker used to talk the same line, condemning the voters of Clinton and Dorn in the Opposition. But make a bet that both parties are right in Canada's self-confidence in one area where this country has a right to be immensely proud of itself: aviation.

Diefenbaker, in 1960, destroyed the *Arma Arctica*, a superb Soviet whose spectacular Delta-winged aircraft prefigured prefigured Concorde by a decade or more. With the *Arma* went a corps of some of the world's best airplane people—most of them in the United States—and *Arma* never recovered. It had already produced North America's first passenger jet, but Trans-Canada Air Lines and the St. Lawrence, Quebec, let that one die too, and presently this historic Canadian company died as well.

Factor this: Diefenbaker was right to kill the *Arma* on the purely strategic grounds Canada did not, as he argued, need a manned interceptor. The age of the bomber threat was indeed waning, as he said. How wrong he was, as strategically sound, was revealed by his then installing the obsolete Bomarc missile—whose only use was bomber-busting—which still seemed in bombers at La Macaza, Quebec and North Bay, Ontario, the nuclear warheads were locked up and the Americans had the keys until they were suddenly decommissioned in 1978.

We finally did get a superbom bomber, the F-35 Freedom Fighter, with conventional weapons, relatively cheap. Two of them from 434 Tactical Fighter Squadron at Cold Lake, Alberta, made history in 1976 by flying all the way to the polar ice islands to show the flag to an infuriated Soviet weather team camped there. Then there were the Starfighters, supreme, nuclear-capable, known to pilots as the "Gudow-

maker." We've lost 55 of our 238 *Vers Starfighters*, 22 pilots died with them. And there were the *Voodoos*, 50 of them, meant to do exactly the job for which Dief killed the *Arma*. None of these squadrons has ever fired a shot in anger, being too busy greasing the Third World War. Needless to say, all of the airplanes were bought from the United States.

The men who fly these airplanes do their job superbly. But to talk of spending billions to replace these machines makes as little military sense that the

Armas paid a corny test too



government which has to foot the bill seldom tries to defend the acquisition on military grounds.

What we are told is that it will be good for Canadians to spend a couple of billion bucks on the foreign airplanes. It may be unproductive to buy foreign fighters: T-73 or cars is \$1.7 million (federal exchange rates) as to MRCV's (20/1). But these \$2.34 billion (when we finally buy, with a 70-cent dollar and a few years of inflation, it will be more like \$5 billion) will (1) make our allies in NATO happy to see us pulling our weight, and (2) make jobs in Canada because we will demand production and trade agreements to ensure that this is so. It is interesting to note that the government is not arguing that these weapons will make Canada safer from attack. (From whom, is the way? The only country that ever invaded us so far is the U.S., if memory serves.)

Splendid and appropriate missions like 434 Squadron's run to the Arctic Islands to show the flag and wave at the

Sovets could be done more cheaply and more often by aircraft totally designed and built in Canada, like the *Black-7* which could even land on the ice and have a friendly last fire chat with the interloping weathermen.

But so the dollar is slipping and we buy German tanks. From the world's foremost arms-and-drugs broker, we've bought more than \$1 billion worth of anti-submarine patrol aircraft to prevent World War III by ensuring it will be played like World War II. Now we are asked to fork over for fighters to do a job in Canada that does not need doing, and a job in Europe that our German and American allies can better afford.

What we should do instead is take control the fighters and make our own decisions about how to make Canada strong and safe, instead of dancing to the NATO tune. If we are weak and vulnerable in Canada now, it is because we are divided and confused, worried, and ashamed of our shabby dollar and our dependence on foreign technology, and wondering whether Canada is worth the trouble.

The late Air Vice-Marshal Fred Carpenter, whose ideas this column attempts to bring into the present debate, argued that Canada's unique role is seeking world peace should be to lead the way in finding solutions to resolve international conflict. But I think even Carpenter would agree that if we must have fighters we should decide for ourselves what role they are to play, on the grounds that they will meet our particular defence needs. Then we should design and build them here. I write this without the least hope that the government of Canada will put its money where its mouth is on the fighter issue. If I am right, when the question of who bears the blame for Canada's poor image of itself arises and the politicians turn to the newspaper media, let them turn to the mirror.

Patrick Watson is a freelance author in Little Albert (his copyright is a copyright).

# The Alberta Vodka Mogul Masher



**THE MOGUL MASHER**  
Into a tall glass  
with crushed ice, pour  
1/2 oz Alberta Vodka.  
Add 3 oz Pink  
Grapefruit Juice.  
Top with soda, garnish  
with grapefruit wedge  
and maraschino cherry.  
Now, that is smooth!

The Mogul Masher can be seen on  
a remote glacier in Gervais Park, B.C.

Make it with one of Canada's most popular vodkas.



*For people with a taste for something better.*



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling.  
Av. per cigarette: King Size: 18 mg "tar", 1.2 mg nicotine. Regular: 14 mg "tar", 0.9 mg nicotine.